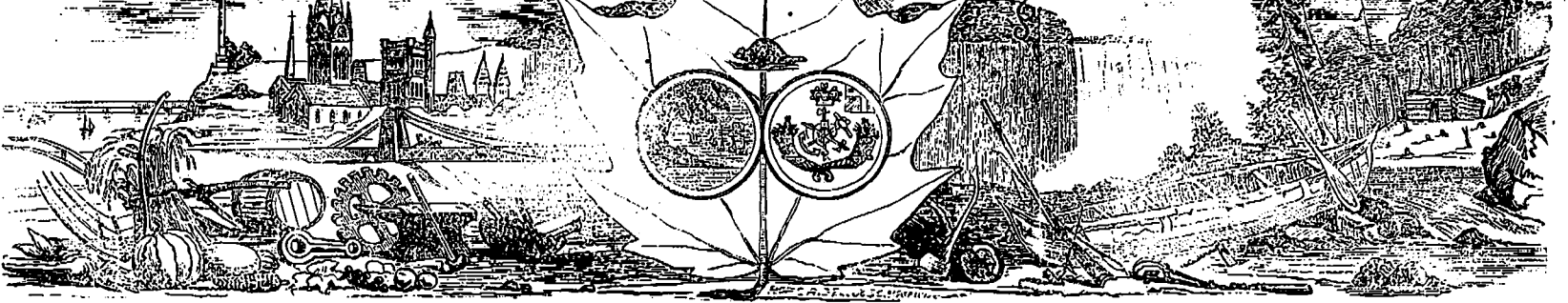


# THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



Vol. I—No. 1.]

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, ~~OCTOBER~~ NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

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## THE LATE SIR ALLAN NAPIER McNAB.

On the eighth of August, 1862, Sir Allan McNab ceased from the labors of an active public life. His age 65, not quite that allotted as the period of man's pilgrimage on earth. His appearance indicated both health and vigor, and years of activity seemed still before him. For some days he had been ailing, but nothing serious was apprehended. It was, therefore, with surprise the public heard of the fatal termination. His portrait, on the first page, taken but recently, saves us giving a pen and ink sketch of his personal appearance, and will, we are sure, be far more acceptable to the reader.

Sir Allan was a Canadian by birth, having first seen the light in the little town of Niagara, in the year 1798. His genealogy, so far as known, is neither long nor intricate. He was the son of a Highland Scottish gentleman whose father was the owner of a small estate in that part of the world. His father, imbibing the spirit of those times, and perhaps, for want of something better to do, joined the army. He became attached to the staff of General Simcoe, and accompanied him when ordered to this country. The young McNab gave early promise to follow the profession of his father, for when the Americans attacked Toronto, he shouldered his musket, being then only in his fourteenth year. He served during the war both in the field and on board the fleet, and took part in several engagements. Peace found him an ensign on half-pay. It is possible that he saw little prospect of future active employment in the army; for he soon afterwards turned his attention to the study of law. In 1825 he was called to the bar, and selected Hamilton in which to carry on the practice of his new profession. Fortune seems to have smiled upon him, for he soon became Queen's Counsel, and was elected member for the County of Wentworth in 1829. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1837, he doffed the gown, and once more took the field. Appointed chief of the Upper Canadian loyalists, as the Tory section were then called, he hastily collected a number of men and marched to the defence of Toronto, where the danger was most threatening: having with little difficulty dispersed the rebels, he proceeded to the Niagara frontier and



SIR ALLAN NAPIER McNAB, BART.

conducted operations against Navy Island until it was evacuated. He also put down another attempt at insurrection in the London district. For the services rendered at this juncture, he was knighted, and received the thanks of the Provincial Parliament. It was not, however, till after the union of the Provinces, that Sir Allan became a prominent politician; elected at this time member for the city of Hamilton he represented that constituency till 1857, when he resigned his seat, with the intention of making England his future home. During all this period he took an active part in political affairs. For a time he filled the office of Speaker, and on the retirement of Mr. Draper was made leader of his party. While in England he became a candidate for Brighton, but was defeated by Mr. White; Sir Allan soon after returned to Canada, and a vacancy occurring in the Western Division he was elected a member of the Upper House, and at the opening of last session he was chosen Speaker of that assembly.

As a public speaker, Sir Allan had an imposing personal appearance, and a voice of the richest quality. He was always

fluent and at times impressively earnest. There was in him a rich vein of humor, which spoke through the merry twinkle of his eye and the sudden lighting up of his countenance; in the selection of his humorous images he was by no means fastidious, especially, when a political opponent was to be held up to ridicule. There was about his whole manner, when speaking, a genial frankness which told well with the election audiences, he had so frequently to address. His invective however, was fierce, and unsparing, accompanied by that bending forward of the head, and its rapid oscillation from side to side which phrenologists call the natural language of destructiveness; he never raised his hearers to the higher regions of thought, he never attempted to expound first principles, and had none of that soul awakening power which constitutes true eloquence; neither the constitution of his mind, indeed, nor the training it received, fitted him for such eloquence. He was essentially a practical man, not a theorist—a man of action, not a man of thought; and, therefore accustomed to deal only with the fleeting questions of the hour, and to study only

that part of human character which floats on the surface of every day life. We never heard him in parliament; but in his youthful days—with his naturally vigorous intellect and intimate knowledge of Canadian politics,—he must have been a formidable debator.

He was twice married; first, on the 6th of May, 1821, to Elizabeth, daughter of Lieutenant Daniel Broke, by whom he had a son and a daughter, and who died in 1825. He again married in 1837 Mary, daughter of Mr. Sheriff Stuart, who bore him two daughters, but whose death in 1846 left him once more a widower, in which state he continued during the remainder of his life.

Such is a brief sketch of one of Canada's most prominent public men. The success which attended him in his various professions of Soldier, Lawyer, Politician, seems to have depended more upon time and circumstances, his own self-reliance and shrewdness, than any very intimate knowledge he possessed of the principles of the one, or the tactics of the other. He was however, always ready and always willing to face the foe and to do battle—whether the weapon of warfare was the tongue or the sword—an very frequently came off victorious favoring fortune, a pleasing address, and agreeable social qualities, rendered him very popular especially was he so among the people of Hamilton, where he spent the greater part of his life, and

saw it increase from a few houses to a city containing between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants. Enemies no doubt, he had, for it is not possible that one who had taken an active part in public affairs, for so many years, could avoid giving offence to some and disappointing the expectation of others; his death will be regretted by a large number of friends, and his name will occupy no unimportant place in the history of our country.

On the 11th his body was committed to the tomb. Its last resting place is the grounds attached to his late residence and on the heights overlooking Burlington Bay. Long before the hour at which the funeral was appointed to take place large numbers might be seen wending their way to Dundurn, and congregated within its precincts were men from all and distant parts of the Province. It was rumored that previous to his death he had become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith; but seems not to have been generally believed. When, however, it was known (which was shortly before the funeral took place) that he was to be buried according to the rites of the

church, few of those who had assembled, accompanied his remains to the grave; but departed in the belief that all was not right.

We shall give in as few words as possible the substance of the statements put forth by the Rev. Mr. Geddes, Church of England, and Bishop Farrell, for, and against, his death-bed conversion.

Rev. Mr. Geddes says that on the Monday and Tuesday previous to his death he visited, and engaged in prayer with Sir Allan. On Wednesday he did not see him, called three times on Thursday, but was refused admission; hearing however, on Friday morning that he had but a few hours to live, he hastened to Dundurn and there learned that though he could not see him on the preceding day the Roman Catholic Bishop had, and administered to him some of the rites of his church. Having reached the bedside of the dying man he questioned him in the presence of Drs. Craigie and Hamilton, two of Sir Allan's sisters and some others, as to his faith in Christ, and his desire to die in the church in which he was born and baptized and had continued a member. The answers he gave satisfied the Rev. Mr. Geddes that Sir Allan had been imposed upon, and he therefore determined to remain with him. During the day Bishop Farrell called with the intention of performing certain other rites and requested Mr. Geddes to leave the room. He refused. They finally adjourned to the hall, to talk over this unseemly state of things, and while so doing Mr. Andrew Stuart informed both that he had determined neither of them should again enter the sick chamber. He kept his word. The Bishop left, advising Mr. Geddes to do likewise. He thanked him for his advice but declined to act upon it, and remained in the hall. In a short time afterwards, it was announced that Sir Allan had breathed his last, he thereupon took his departure.

The Bishop's statement is that several months ago, while Mr. Daly, Sir Allan's son-in-law, was on a visit at Dundurn, he with his Vicar General dined with Sir Allan and his family. He then told the Bishop in the presence of his Vicar General that it was his intention to die a Roman Catholic. On the Sabbath previous to his death he called to see Mrs. McNab and learned, for the first time that he was sick; he visited him, and when he was rising to leave Sir Allan seized him by the arm and said that he had not forgotten what he told him some time ago. The Bishop thought that he spoke of the conversation they had about his dying a Roman Catholic; he therefore told him to lose no time, but do at once what his conscience dictated.

Once after this, he sent to enquire after the state of his health, and on Thursday morning was informed by letter that Sir Allan wished to see him for religious purposes. He obeyed the summons. Mr. Andrew Stuart was there when he arrived, and he asked him if Sir Allan had full possession of his reason; Mr. Stuart answered in the affirmative. The Bishop then entered the room, when Sir Allan told him he wished to become a member of his church. After a short conversation on the doctrines of the church, he made his confessions, and in the presence of Mr. Stuart and Mrs. McNab, his profession of the Roman Catholic Faith, whereupon he was admitted a member of that church.

The Bishop visited him again early on Friday morning, when he was recognized by Sir Allan, and requested to remain with him. He left however between six and seven o'clock. At noon he learned that the Rev. Mr. Geddes was with him and proceeded immediately to Dundurn. The reader already knows the result.

A Yankee Captain once cried out in a yell, to a raw hand newly shipped on board his craft, "Let go the gib, there! let go the gib!" "I ain't a touchin' it!" squealed out the simple Down-easter in return.

## THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

SATURDAY, NOV. 8th, 1862.

### OUR PURPOSE.

ON the threshold of a new enterprise, as yet untried in Canadian journalism, we address words of explanation to the public, which shall make clear our objects, and words of assurance to our readers and friends which shall justify our temerity in venturing on untried paths of journalistic endeavour, where the timid may see only prospective failure; but where we can perceive adequate hopes of, at least, moderate success.

We purpose to make *The Canadian Illustrated News* simply what its name implies—an illustrated paper, in which every thing Canadian, or of interest to Canadians, shall occupy the most prominent place, and be accorded the highest consideration. In it we shall diligently endeavour to illustrate, faithfully, the land we live in, its magnificent scenery, its inland seas, its mighty rivers, its dark forests, its lakelets hidden away in backwoods, and wasting their unseemly beauties there, its attractions of rapid and waterfall, and island glories, its lumberer's paradise in dense woods, its cultivated farms, its populous and rapidly increasing cities, its towns, villages, manufactories, public and private buildings, colleges, schools, banks, institutes, churches, monuments, scenes of historic interest, and scenes which need no historic associations to add to their ineffable grace and beauty, or their awe-inspiring majesty and sublimity. Portraits and carefully prepared biographies of our most notable public men,—politicians, professors, preachers, principals of public schools, orators, lawyers, chiefs of societies, and others, shall not unfrequently adorn and enrich our columns. The red skins shall not be omitted. Indians, Indian life, and Indian villages, shall find a place in our pages, and form not the least attractive feature of our undertaking. Of a class now rapidly disappearing from amongst us—the hardy pioneers—who have made our country what it is, we purpose to furnish a series of portraits, accompanied by accounts of their lives and struggles, which possess all the value of heroism, and all the interest of romance. We purpose, also, to collect and present, in our pages, a portrait gallery of the historic names of Canada, from her first discoverer to the present time, and to furnish an illustrated history of her progress from a wilderness to a civilized country. Agriculture shall not be neglected. Improvements in stock, in agricultural implements, and every thing of interest relating to the pursuits of our hardy, free, and independent yeomanry, shall receive from us all the aid that pen and pencil can afford.

The ladies will find themselves neither overlooked nor forgotten. We intend to supply them with the fashions every month, and trust to meet with their approbation, and to merit their hearty support. The sister Provinces will occasionally come in for a share of our space; and views from the gold fields of the Pacific may not inaptly contrast with views from the oil wells of Canada West, or the mines of Canada East and the lower Provinces.

In politics, "measures, not men," will be our motto; and we shall do our best towards allaying sectional hatred, the jealousies of race, and the antagonisms engendered by national prejudices and ignorance, and by interested and unscrupulous political leaders; and towards uniting all interests in one, and forming of the descendants of the two foremost nations of Europe a great people, who may build up a mighty empire in this great country of countless advantages, of boundless resources, of immense and fertile territory, of glorious possibilities. We shall give a weekly summary of the most important news, both local and foreign, and abstract from the domain of fiction, of science, and art, whatever treasures we think our readers will be pleased to receive from our hands.

Our first number is now before the public. It is not all that we could wish, nor all that our readers may expect, and it may not meet with the absolute approval of our patrons; but we shall do better, if we receive adequate support. Week by week we shall keep pace with our subscription list; and, as our circulation increases, we shall increase the number and value of our illustrations; and trust, in time, when we get fairly launched into public favour, to produce a paper which shall not be inferior to any illustrated paper in existence.

A paper like this, that can only be got up at a very heavy expense, and which we furnish at the lowest possible price, at which an illustrated paper can be made to possess any value to the subscriber, must meet with extensive support, or must cease to appear. Our fate is now in the hands of the public. If we are, as we suppose we are, what Dr. Chalmers would have called "a felt want," let us have the necessary support, and we shall do our duty.

From the foreign illustrated papers that have so large a circulation amongst us, the Provinces receive not quite so much attention as a small English county, a coral reef in the Pacific, or a contemptible German principality. We would obviate such a state of things. We believe we are wanted, and now test that belief, and await the result, whatever it may be—the support that shall enable us to proceed; or, the neglect that shall induce us to abandon our enterprise.

### SPECIAL.

Through a mistake some of the pages are dated October instead of November.

To the public and friends of *The Canadian Illustrated News*, we have a few things to say. By repeated delays from various causes, and especially in getting engravings—as we desired to have them done in the Provinces—the publication of our first number has been postponed much longer than we anticipated, and even now have preferred to issue it, though containing a cut less than was intended, to delaying it for another week. We are making arrangements to have engravers of our own, and providing against some other difficulties which could not be avoided in getting up the first number. So that for the future we will be better prepared. We would, therefore, ask not to be judged too severely until our next number appears.

It will be observed that this number is dated more than a month in advance, after which it will be issued every week. This is to afford us some time to canvass for subscribers. But as it will be impossible to call upon very many in so short a period, we hope that all who desire to see an illustrated paper published in the Provinces, will order it at once, as it will be much better to have it from the commencement.

Our thanks are due to the business part of the community for their liberality, as our advertising columns abundantly testify; and we hope that the investment will prove as profitable to them as it is encouraging to us. Small cuts will be inserted in the advertisements of those who desired them in our next issue.

No. 2 of *The Canadian Illustrated News* will contain among other engravings,—each number having never less than five—a portrait of the President of the Provincial Fair, a view of the Grounds and of some animals to which prizes have been awarded.

Our Artist will be present during part of the week, on which the Fair is held, and also an Agent, who will make such arrangements with exhibitors as may be desired.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF HAMILTON.

BY D. D. ROBERTSON.

THE above is to be the title of a work for which Mr. Robertson, one of the most intelligent, painstaking and industrious of Hamilton Artists, is at present canvassing for subscribers. It is to be issued in monthly parts at seventy-five cents each; and, as each part will contain four views, this will be at the rate of a few cents over a York shilling for each view, which places it in point of cheapness within the reach of the poorest, while the interest in the scenes depicted and the excellence of the photographs will make it an attraction to the richest. It will be completed in twelve or thirteen parts, and will comprise, when completed, about fifty pictures of the principal buildings, private residences, and prominent localities in the "Ambitious City," whose sons and daughters, let us hope, will encourage, with their patronage, this laudably ambitious artist, whose beautiful book we trust, will find its way into a good many drawing rooms, and grace not a few cottages. Mr. Robertson has exhibited to us a few specimen views, which are really excellent, and for which we have only words of heartiest praise. Amongst the subscribers, to whom these views have been exhibited and by whom they have been approved, we notice names which are a higher guarantee of the taste and skill of the artist than any words of ours.

We trust Mr. Robertson will meet with sufficient support to enable him to complete to his own satisfaction and the satisfaction of his subscribers the most unique and beautiful book which will ever have been got up in this country. We give it our warmest commendation, and wish it every success.

When Sir Walter Scott was extending his garden at Abbotsford, an old servant was getting exasperated by digging some very stoney ground. Sir Walter saw the old man's feelings were rather ruffled, and said to him: "That's grand soil you're working on!" "Soil!" replied the gardener, sarcastically, "A' think it's the riddling o' creation."

## Gossip.

## FIRST WORDS.

THIS column has been handed over to me, by the high and mighty and imperious autocrat "We," who sways his despotic sceptre over these pages, as my own peculiar little corner, into which, after getting hold of the reader's button, I can gently pull him, and inflict on him any piece of news which I shall think interesting to him, and favor him with my private opinions on as many subjects as I can crush into the brief space allotted to me, or until his button or his patience gives way, which, of course, as the discerning critic can at once see, will altogether depend upon the excellent manner in which his button has been sewed on, or the amiable temper with which a benign providence has endowed him. I have headed it gossip, out of the love I bear for the dear old gossips of all time, from Plutarch down to the latest writers of biography and autobiography, whose charming books have beguiled many an hour from idleness, or wickedness, or weariness, or depression, or sadness, and invested it with interest, and filled it with pleasure, and brimmed the cup with joy which had else been empty or running over with doctor's draughts. Amongst my gossips I number all those writers who have told more truth than was agreeable to their cotemporaries, or than some weak stomachs even now can relish, who would rather tell us too much than too little, and who have no reticences with their readers, but blurt out everything they know, or hear, or imagine, in a frank reckless, confidential way, which has its resistless charm for every son of Adam, and dear, delightful, inquisitive daughter of Eve, of mind inquiring and of knowledge keen. Plutarch is of them, and pious place-hunting Pepys, who took bribes, and gave God thanks, and was altogether quite a respectable "party," although he does tell more truths in his diary than any gentleman in good society would think it prudent to ventilate in the midst of his fellow sinners. Evelyn is of them too,—Evelyn who said "I cannot bend to mean submissions;" and Grammont, the witty and wicked; and "the little quaint postmaster who came in General Braddock's carriage to pay a visit to Madam Warrington at Castlewood, among the 'Virginians,'" and who wrote a new gospel for America in "Poor Richard's Almanack;" and Madame Sevigne, whose letters all the world enchants; and Rousseau the eloquent; and boosy Boswell who was not eloquent, but who managed to write a book that everybody reads, and likes, and reads again and again, and never tires of reading; and Chateaubriand, the Byron of Christianity, whom Bulwer Lytton calls "a *he* Corinne, or a *she* De Stael," who turns from the truth at times to turn a sentence, and tells the story so that it will not tell against himself; and Madame D'Arblay, who would be read more if she had told us more, and had not been subject to fits of "proprieties," and puzzled her respectable head about what it was proper to tell and what it was improper to tell; and Holcroft who wrote good plays and led a better life; and Charles Reece Pemberton, whose "Pel Verjuice" papers—fresh as nature, and interesting as Robinson Crusoe—were the delight of magazine readers twenty years ago, who made his mark as poet, playwright, actor and lecturer, and died at last as peacefully as he had lived bravely. Here is a goodly talbeit incomplete array of godfathers and godmothers for my literary offspring. I cannot hope to gossip as wisely and acceptably as these world-renowned gossips. Mine must not only be inferior in order of power, but also inferior in interest, from the narrowed range of subjects permitted to me, and the manner of handling them, for what in the book or the letter would be but a choleric word, would be rank blasphemy in the newspaper

gossip. Still may I not hope to amuse sometimes, and sometimes, it may be, to instruct, and always to be a not-unwelcome guest with the reader, whose interest in me and my gossippings will form my best title to the absolute possession of my column in the eyes of the inscrutable, impersonal, impalpable, mysterious power, who utters his mandates in the first person plural, like a king by right divine, and makes devils tremble and obey them.\*

## PRESS ASSOCIATION.

There is to be a convention of impalpable Canadian "We's" in a few days. Would it not be a good idea to photograph them in a body, and present them to an admiring universe in the pages of the *Canadian Illustrated News*? Fire brigades, methodist conferences, presbyterian synods, ticket agents' conventions, parliaments, and "the staff" of railways are photographed. Why not the mighty "We's"? Are they not as great a power in the country as any other power? and will not every newspaper reader in the province be eager to see the portraits of the men who daily scatter the news broadcast over the land, and whose ready pens tell us every morning what everybody is doing everywhere, and what we ought to believe about everything until their next issue? Our "We," on account of the youthfulness of his paper, may not perhaps be considered to have attained to years of discretion, and, it is barely possible, may modestly decline to present himself amongst his royal brothers, but whether he appears in person or by proxy, or not at all, he will not object I know to my wishing them a merry meeting and a wise one—All hail to the powers of the press!

\*Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword."

"PHILIP."

In the *Cornhill* for August, and in *Harper's Magazine* for September, Thackeray gives us the concluding chapters of his "Philip." In every page we are reminded, but not unpleasantly, of himself. It is the old text—"Vanity of Vanities;" the preacher is the same stout, presentable English gentleman, with a flower in his button hole, and he preaches quite as good if not a better sermon than of yore.

The showman and the puppets have not escaped the touches of time, but it is the same showman, and they are the same puppets we saw long ago in "Vanity fair," and they perform, as of old, and the curtain rises and falls as of old, and the showman stands by and explains as of old, and when it is all over, and the curtain has fallen, and the puppets have disappeared from our view, he bids us good bye as characteristically as of old:—"What? The night is falling: we have talked enough over our wine, and it is time to go home? Good-night, good-night, friends, old and young! The night will fall; the story must end, and the best of friends must part."

Charlotte Bronte, who dedicated "Jane Eyre" to him, and who delighted to do him honor, places him in the front rank of English novelists, and in the first place, and undoubtedly he is our greatest. He never exaggerates, and is never false to the human nature he knows. How genial, human, manly, and tender he can be! how terribly satirical he is at times, and what shivering sneers he sometimes vents: how far above all cant and affectation, and weak sentimentality he is; with what unsparing hand he dissects the moral ulcers of our boasted civilization and refinement; and with what vigorous and truthful pen he describes us as we are, and not as we ought to be.

There is a terrible directness, a photographic truthfulness in his pages, that we find in no other humorist. His characters are so real, I seem to remember them as old acquaintances, and always think of them as of people I have met.

I like to think of Becky Sharp returning to the halls of her ancestors, of that gallant gentleman Colonel Esmond, and Lady Castlewood, and Frank Castlewood, and Beatrice, the ambitious, the beautiful, the fascinating, with those brilliant eyes which were spells irresistible,—Beatrice, whom Frank called "Trix," and, who, after filling the pages of "Esmond" with her tantalizing beauty, re-appears in the "Virginians" as the wicked, selfish, cruel, mocking, unbelieving Baroness Bernstien. How I liked Clive Newcome, and lovely Ethel Newcome, who was only the brilliant Beatrice of "Esmond," under better influences, refined into goodness, and how I hated and utterly detested that wicked old "Countess Kew," the perfect picture of a bad old woman of the fashionable world. But when she came to die and was buried, and Thackeray makes his resistless appeal for forgiveness even for her I melted, relented, and finally forgave her from my heart, and was rather sorry for the bitter hatred I had entertained towards her. And good Colonel Newcome—dear old Tom Newcome, who would not like him? His death was like the death of an old friend, and is the saddest of these remembrances. Gallant, simple, guileless, generous in the day of his prosperity, always blameless, pure and unselfish, how worthy he was of all love and reverence, yet he passes away at last poor, helpless, neglected, maligned, but resignedly, and at peace with himself. Why did Thackeray, make him die so? Because he is the manliest and one of the wisest of writers, and knows that in real life good men do die so, and that the best do not always succeed the best, but that, as Solomon has it "one event happeneth to them all," and that virtue is not its own reward in the sense of worldly prosperity, but in the sense of intellectual satisfaction, and in the possession of a conscience, which, knowing no guile, rests in perfect peace. Our boisterous, frank, loud speaking friend Philip, and his charming little "Char" and the little sister with her great wrong her noble life, her habitual neglect and misuse of her h's and of nothing else, are surely worthy company for those old friends, for whom, and for these new ones, let us be thankful to our great teacher, whose lessons as severe as experience, are equally as valuable. Thackeray is not "cold" either, as the critical Werters of our day would persuade us. He is a fine old English gentleman who does not like to be telling us in every sentence that his great heart is full of love for all humanity, but who cannot prevent discerning hearers and readers from catching in some stray look, or tone, or incidental expression, or sentence dropped in careless haste, a hint of the wealth of love and sympathy there is in him—love and sympathy more priceless than all wisdom, if indeed these are not the highest wisdom. He sees clearly through the shows of things, to the thing itself, and distinctly discerns that "a lie cannot live forever," and that it leads at best a miserable existence, waiting its hour to be extinguished. That the quack cannot conceal himself, and cannot pass off upon us his pretence for conviction, is patent to Thackeray. Thus in his "Virginians" he introduces a drunken, betting, card-playing, dog-fighting, horse-racing parson, who preaches very good sermons which are of none effect, because—so at least I think it is our author's intention we should infer—he is not in earnest, does not translate his precepts into his life, and is a performer who plays for hire, and not an exemplar. But, with only the intimation to fellow lovers of the great novelist that the Harpers have just published his "Philip," in a handsome volume, with the original English Illustrations, I must stop talking about him for the present.

## "ROMOLA."

I suppose every-body who has read "Adam Bede," or "The Mill on the Floss," or "Silas Marner" is reading this new story, by the same authoress, which the Harpers are reprinting in their

monthly magazine. It is a story, the scene of which is laid in sunny Italy, in "Florence the fair," in the days of the magnificent Medici. Some of these readers may care to read what Ernest Charles Jones, once a popular Chartist, leader, now a successful member of the English bar, has written about

## ITALY.

Away and away, to Italy!  
With its crested ripples sparkling;  
And its watery furrows darkling;  
And its white sail like a swallow  
Darting over the hollow;  
And its sun intensely bright;  
And its sea intensely blue;  
And its crowd of lazy nations,  
With nothing on earth to do;  
And its old cyclopean ruins,—  
Dust of empires dead,—  
Foot prints of the giants,  
In which the pigmies tread;  
And its white domed cities lying  
With the faintest veil of haze,  
Like a dream of boyhood visioned  
By the light of later days.  
And its olive-leaf scarce trembling—  
And its sky so pure and still;  
Not a frown from earth to zenith,  
Save one small cloud on the hill.  
The olive leaf scarce trembling  
The cloud so small and fair;  
Just enough to say—the spirit  
Of a storm is watching there!  
'Thro' the forest's leafy masses  
You might see how the current ran.  
As a thought in whisps passes  
'Thro' the myriad tribes of man;  
And the cloud, like Jupiter's eagle  
Looking down on his old Rome,  
Perched waiting on his mountain  
'Till the thunder day shall come.

## And about

## FLORENCE.

At Florence in the dark ages,  
When Florence alone was bright,  
(She has left on her marble pages  
Her testament of light.)

At Florence in the dark ages,  
When Florence alone was free,  
(She rose, in the pride of her sages,  
Like the sun on a troubled sea.)

While yet as an ark she drifted  
On the Earth's barbarian flood,  
And the wreck of the Arts uplifted  
From the deluge of human blood;

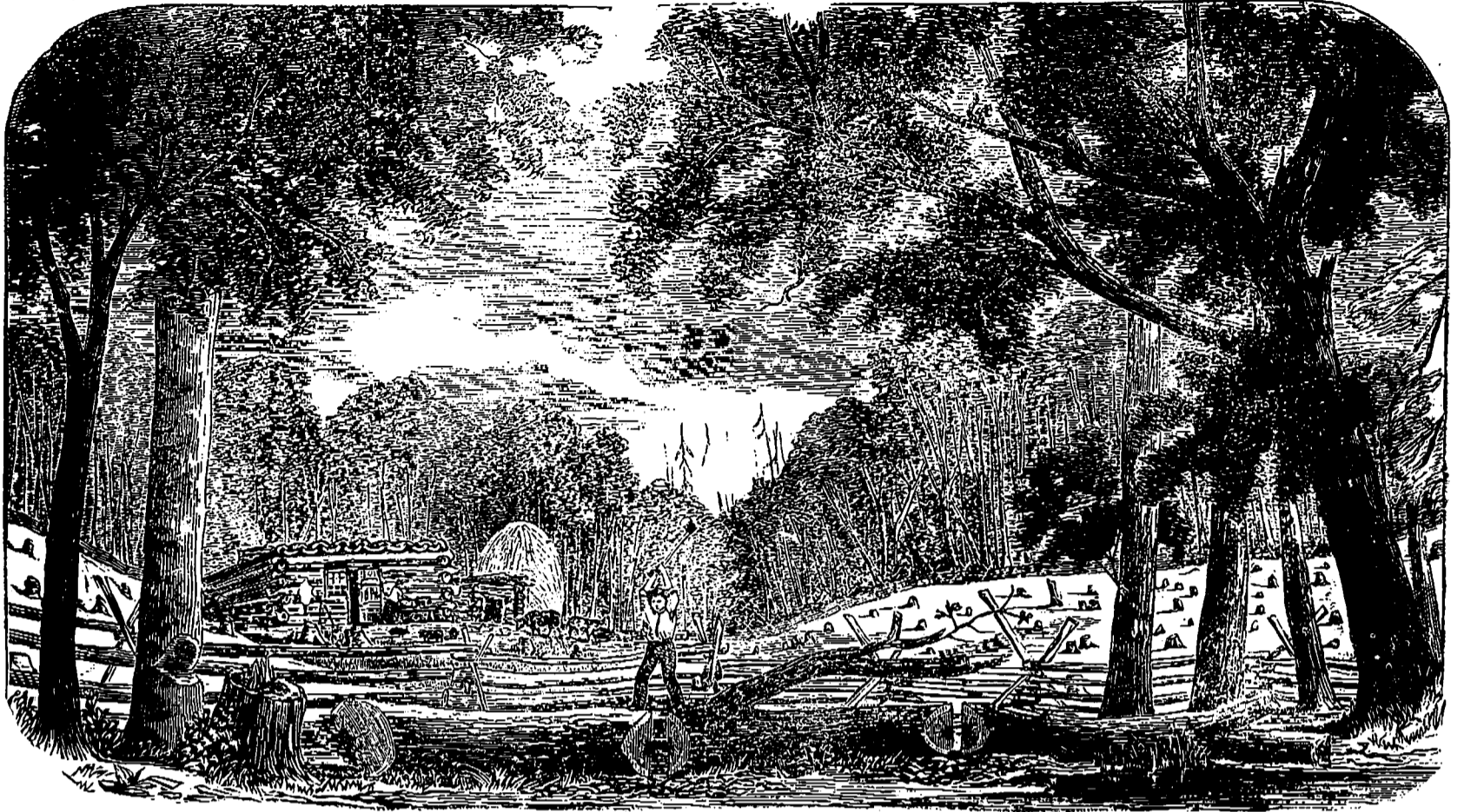
Where many a feat of glory  
And deed of worth were done,  
From the links of her broken story  
I've saved to the world this one.

And thereupon the poet godson of his late Hanoverian Majesty "tells a story." Well, it is this Italy and this Florence that Miss Evans is to delineate for us in "Romola," and I expect she will tell us a different tale about it. What story tells not to say, as Byron fiercely said, what liars the poets are. The "marble pages," of which this one sings were stained with blood, were they not? and the freedom was the privilege of the few not the inheritance of the many, and the "arts uplifted" were, I am afraid, lifted up out of the reach of common clay mortals. But poets gloss over these trifles so finely. For instance, who does not remember the fine lines of Mrs Hemans on the landing of the pilgrim fathers, who she says

—"left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God."

And who does not know that they do no such thing. That they found the freedom indeed is true, but it is equally true that they made it "skedaddle" faster than any Grand Army that ever "made tracks." I know that my faced friend the deacon will object to this, but I know also, my good friend, that if we had enjoyed the blessed privilege of existing in their day, and under their paternal government, we should have ended our illustrious career at the stake. But my gossip is fast becoming serious not to say hot, and must cease for the reason, if even space, the supreme arbiters of articles, and much else, did not forbid further speech. We agree that all poets are more or less liars, and that all novelists are not like this one, who will tell us a good many truths about olden Italy which may possibly enable us to understand better the wondrous modern Italy of our own day—the Italy of Mazzini and Garibaldi.

EUGENE.



THE SETTLERS' FIRST HOME.

## MY FIRST HOME.

DEAR S—

A residence of a number of years, many wanderings hither and thither, you seem then to think, are credentials sufficient to answer your oft repeated enquiries concerning the climate, the soil, and the prospects in general of a settler in this country. The truth is, I half-suspected you were but in jest; for it requires no very great exercise of memory to recall to mind the contempt with which you were accustomed to speak of life in the colonies, and like the ancient Greeks regarded everything beyond your sea-girt isle as in a state of barbarism or at best but semi-civilized. Canada in particular was looked upon as a very hyperborean region, and only a fit abode for savage beasts, or their still more savage hunters. To speak of it in connection with the peaceful pursuits of civilized life was too ridiculous for serious consideration. There was the red man with stealthy step watching your every movement, the denizens of the forest, maddened by hunger, ready to pounce upon you, and should you by any possibility escape these, the severity and length of the winters were such as to make life a burden rather than a blessing. The ground too was enveloped in a mantle of snow to the depth of many feet; and the lakes and rivers clasped in the firm embrace of the King of the North could be made highways of an army on an active campaign, rigged out with all those steam-dealing engines of modern war-

—your faith in such notions at length given way, and have you lost confidence in those would-be-wise oracles, who pretend to enlighten the great public as to what it should eat and drink, where men should live and how they should die? Whether my misfortune is my fault, I know not; it may as well be confessed, however, that patience was never one of my cardinal virtues, and when treating of the ignorance, official and unofficial, which is manifested among you about every thing Canadian, I am in a great danger of parting with what the nature has bestowed upon me, and giving sight of the object with which I set out—to describe and show you things as they really are. Permit me then without further circumlocution to intro-

duce you to my first home. Here I am as busy as a beaver, cutting a tree into certain lengths, for the purpose of making snake fences, a specimen of which you will observe encloses the space where a clearance has been effected. Rather a formidable undertaking, you will say, if all nature's productions are similar to those which occupy the foreground. The rapidity, however, with which an experienced chopper cuts them down would astonish you, and were a time to be specified, it might be attended with a slight inconvenience; therefore to disarm your suspicions and preserve my veracity, I will in some other letter state what it costs to chop an acre. You will perceive that the trees are cut from three to four feet above the ground; it is the ease of the woodman which is consulted, the timber being of little value, and thus they remain until the enterprise of the owner reduces them by fire, or removes them by other means.

Now for my live stock. It falls considerably short of that famous inventory which was given at the mandate of Mr. A—k—n. The porkers and steers, five in all, are busy attending to the wants of the—I was about to say inner man; but feel some reluctance to use the last word in such a connection; though with some men this seems about the only want of which they are conscious. Concerning the last article in this list, to you a word of explanation may be necessary; I borrowed it for the occasion, having been so unfortunate, as you well know, as not to be able to procure one of my own, and it must therefore be regarded in the light of what ought to be taken of what was. Indeed, it is indispensable, if you really desire to extract any comfort from a life in the bush. Under these circumstances I do not feel much disposed to say any thing about the interior of the shanty, or how things are managed there; and will just say a few words at present about its construction.

It is built of straight trees, flattened a little on two sides, where they come in contact with the one above or below, and are notched together at the ends. The joints, of course, are not very close, and mud is used to stop up the chinks, and does it very effectually. Tree bark, as you will perceive, serves the double purpose of shutting out from view the sky, in a perpendicular direction, and warding off the rain; and as comfort, not neatness, is the first object

to be attained, such a building serves the purpose remarkably well. It is intended, I understand, to represent, by a series of cuts, the various occupations which a settler has to undertake in providing for himself and family a comfortable home. I will, therefore, for the present, tax no longer your patience; and if the scene before you makes you no wiser, it at least shows the actualities of the first stage of a farmer's life.

COLONUS.

## Literature.

Poems, Songs and Ballads—BY JOSEPH SKIPSEY.—London: HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co.—1862.

HERE is a new poet, who is a poet indeed, and who needs nothing at our hands save an introduction. Joseph Skipsey does not seem a good name with which to conjure for good poetry, yet some of the best comes to us with the name. Genius obeys none of our laws, respects none of our prejudices, heeds none of our fancies, is rude to our proprieties and conventionalisms, and peers out in the most unlikely places, under the most unexpected disguises, and the oddest and most *malapropos* names. Robert Burns sings at the plough, and the world pauses from its strifes and struggles, to listen delighted to the sweet singer, Alexander Smith leaves off manufacturing patterns, and takes a turn at "Life's Dramas," and makes immortal the very common, unideal name of Smith. Gerald Massey, a miserable little factory boy, and afterwards a worker in a co-operative tailor's store in London, throws away his thimble and his shears, and writes "Babe Christabells" and "Craigerook Castles" and lovers of good poetry rejoice at his change of employment; and Joseph Skipsey, a poor miner, whose name has no hint of Parnassus in it, and whose lot is of the lowliest, lays aside his "picks" and his blasting powder, and sings songs which Kit Marlow might have written, and Shakespeare have quoted, and which would have made glad the heart of Charles Lamb—the most loving and loveable, the most genial, the most quaint, the most unique and delightful

of English humourists and essayists. Thus Genius often passes by the palace and the hall, and pauses with its gifts divine, at the Ayrshire cot, the Glasgow pattern shop, the Midland factory, and the Northumbrian mine, and compensates what seems the sternest fate, the dreariest destiny, and the lowest and most hopeless station with what Mr. Skipsey sings off as:

## A GOLDEN LOT.

In the coal-pit, or the factory,  
I plod by night or day;  
And still, to the music of labour,  
I lift my humble lay,  
I lift my humble lay,  
And the gloom of the deep, deep mine,  
Or the din of the factory, dieth away,  
And a golden lot is mine.

Mr. Skipsey's history is a brief one, and will form the most fitting introduction to his poetry.

He was born at the Northumbrian mining village of Percy, Maine, near North Shields; there he lost his father at an early age, there when only eight years of age he became a trapper in a coal mine, sitting solitary the whole day in the mine's black darkness, guarding his trap door, while many fathoms above, the sun shone brightly unseen and unfelt by him, there he remained as trapper, driver, putter, and hewer, until he attained to manhood, and there also he acquired the rudiments of knowledge at a small reading room that was in existence for a short period. Then he "hewed" the hard steam coal at Hartley, until it was "drowned out," and stayed a while at "Pemberton's" deepest of coal mines. South Hetton was his next abode, when hard study to master the principles of arithmetic, and the elements of mathematics, compelled him to leave his employment, and eke out a very scanty livelihood, by keeping a small school at Gilesgate Moor. In 1858 a local publisher, "George Proctor, Market Place, Durham," printed "Lyrics, by J. S., a coal miner.—Price 6d." In 1859, a second edition was demanded by an appreciative public, and now in 1862 a London publisher sends forth yet another edition, corrected and enlarged.

In our new poet there are no profundities in which the reader risks drowning, no long words to dislocate his jaws, no offensive "profane potities," no blatant blasphemies, no querulous questionings of destiny, nor horrid howls at fate, nor frantic despair, nor wild appeals to gods,

or devils, or men, nor frenzied woe, nor burglary, nor madness, nor murder. He has not been swept away by the terrible torrent of Germanisms which set in overwhelmingly with lusty Thomas Carlyle, but has escaped the flood of frothy, big words, and has wisely wandered back to the vigorous Saxon and the charming, manly simplicity of our elder poets, who are also our best.

But we will now stand aside and give place to the poet, who will speak for himself, and speak to some purpose we hope, for the sake of his own reputation as a poet, and ours as critics.

Even the hackneyed thought with which the following closes scarcely detracts from the nobility of the sentiment, and the felicity of the diction.

## THE MODEST MAID.

Oh, could I a garland braid,  
That might never, never fade,  
I would crown the modest maid  
Queen of Earth's bliss-giving band!  
Poor or wealthy, dark or fair,  
Lo! this happy maid's an heir  
To a dowry rare, more rare  
Than e'er fell from Fortune's hand!

Not the look that, once to spy,  
Would the Stoic's pride destroy,  
Could, to my astonish'd eye,  
Her endearing looks eclipse!  
Not the music that, to hear,  
Would dispel the Cynic's sneer,  
Could, to my astonish'd ear,  
Spoil the music of her lips!

Let the haughty Beauty frown;  
Let the slave her rigour own;  
Once her mid-day splendour flown,  
Vanish'd is her boasted power!  
Whilst this maid herself endears,  
With the stealthy march of years,  
And, like yonder sun, appears  
Grandest in her setting hour!

Was ever the fox philosophy of sour  
grapes so sweetly sung as in

## ANNIE LEE.

Annie Lee is fair and sweet,—  
Fair and sweet to look upon;  
But Annie's heart is all deceit;  
Therefore, Annie Lee, begone!

Spirit stirring, wiling joys,  
Awake in Annie's every tone;  
But a Syren's is that voice,—  
Therefore, Annie Lee, begone!

To conceive her step, conceive  
One beating time unto a tune;  
Even a serpent there it spoils does weave:  
Therefore, Annie Lee, begone!

Beguiling Annie Lee, begone!  
Deceitful Annie Lee, begone!  
I would not have thee for a world,  
Though thou art fair to look upon!

Is not this a touching little song?—

## MY MERRY BIRD.

I had a merry bird  
Who sung a merry song;  
And you may take't upon my word,  
The day it was not long,  
In the presence of my bird,  
With its merry, merry song.

Did fortune strew my path  
With crosses none might bear,  
Without a better faith  
Than's allotted mortals here;  
They would vanish into air,  
As my birdie wooed my ear.

And thus went things with me,  
Until, with silent step,  
Death came across the lee,  
And laid my bird asleep,  
And ever since that hour  
Pro done naught but sigh and weep.

The following is as fine a lyric as we have seen for many a long day, but it is not quite original, as it owes its inspiration to an old song from which even Shakspeare deigned to appropriate

## HEY, ROBIN.

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady doth;  
Is she like anthing—is she softling,  
Of grave, or merry mood, or both?  
Is she the humkin, skipping,  
With her servants in the hall?  
Or the dull steer under whipping,  
Sour to each and sour to all?  
Is she like the violet breathing  
Blessings on her native place?  
Or the nettle, enkerking, scathing  
All who dare approach her grace?  
Is she like the dew-drops sparkling,  
When the morn peeps o'er the land?  
Or the clouds the heavens darkling,  
Boding tempest near at hand?

'Tut! to count the freaks of woman.—  
Count the pebbles of the seas!  
Rob, thy Lady's not uncommon,  
Be or do she what she please?

Notice the forcible and admirable comparison in the last lines of this quotation, and say if this is not poetry what it is:

But such the pang's the high of heart  
Seem pre-ordained to undergo;  
While proud ambition hides the smart,  
And smiles delude the world below.

Their anguish, like a Samson blind,  
Gropes on in darkness, till at length  
It grasps the pillars of the mind,  
And dies a victim to its strength.

Kit Marlow might have written the lines to "Sara," as a companion song to his "Shepherd's Song," and not have been ashamed of them.

## TO SARA.

No longer be down-hearted love,  
Put on thy wonted cheer,  
And let us down the valley rove,  
And breathe the wholesome air.

Stem winter rears his kingly brow,  
And lies unto the north;  
And streams being free once more to flow,  
Triumphantly pour forth.

The playful lamb in rapture skips  
A-down the laughing burn;  
The daisy opes its ruby lips,  
And drinks the dew's of morn.

From the hill-side, late bare and bleak,  
Peeps forth my sweet primrose,  
With a smile upon its tender cheek,  
That well might hush thy woes.

The lark,—hark, dost thou not hear  
The lark calls us away?  
Put on, put on thy wonted cheer,  
And let's enjoy the day.

Here is "a thing of beauty."

## THE VIOLET AND ROSE.

The violet invited my kiss,—  
I kissed it and called it my bride;  
Was ever one slighted like this,  
Sighed the rose as it stood by my side?

My heart ever open to grief,  
To comfort the fair one I turned;  
Or the fickle thou sure art the chief,  
Frowned the violet, and pouted and mourned.

Then to end all dispute, I entwined  
The love-stricken blossoms in one;  
But that instant their beauty declined,  
And I wept for the deed I had done.

We part from our poet, with yet another quotation, which, an English critic has forestalled us in thinking, the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would hardly have felt to have been out of place in his pages, and which if married to music worthy of the words, would be equally at home before the orchestra and at the piano.

## THE FAIRIES' PARTING SONG.

Our revels now are ended, so good night, so good night  
And each unto our chamber let us lie;  
There lose ourselves in visions till the broad daylight  
Again has bid adieu unto the sky!  
So good bye,  
Till day has gone out of the sky!

My couch is in the daisy, with its golden, golden eye!  
And mine is in the violet, sweet and pure!  
And mine the modest bluebell, beneath whose empy  
I dream away the angry day secure!  
So good bye,  
Till day has gone out of the sky!

But when the day's departed, upstarting from our  
Dreams, we'll gather in a ring upon the green,  
And there dance till night's enraptured, and the pale  
moon seems

To mourn the fate that changeth such a scene!  
So Good bye  
Till day has gone out of the sky!

Dear reader, is not this new poet to whom we have introduced you, a poet indeed?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. New York: Harper & Brothers.—HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, the most welcome of monthly visitants, comes to us with a rich profusion of illustrations, and a matchless array of reading matter. Trollope continues his "Orley Farm," in which the interest is now fast culminating. Miss Maloch adds three more chapters of "Mistress and Maid," and demonstrates that the vigorous pen that wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman" has lost none of its cunning. The authoress

of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner," gives us a further instalment of her new story "Romola," and bids fair to achieve as marked a success in her story of mediæval Italy, as in what we have hitherto been accustomed to consider her own peculiar domain—the rural life of England a generation or two ago. So far she gives us a venerable scholar hungering after fame with the hunger of youth, and who has a passion for rare gems, a shrewd barber netlier unlearned nor ungenerous, a handsome Greek, and a heroine beautiful in thought, word, deed, and look. Thackeray concludes the "Adventures of Philip," of which the mention made in another column precludes the necessity of any notice here. There are interesting papers on "Iron-clad Vessels," and "In the Buffalo Country," both of which are profusely and admirably illustrated, and the former of which contains a view of the "Launch of the Monitor," and a portrait of her inventor Ericsson. The other illustrated articles are "Philip," "Orley Farm," and "Romola," the two latter containing illustrations of a higher order than it is usual to meet with in cheap magazines.—"Orley Farm" only contains two illustrations, but they are by Millais, and are beautiful. The other contents are of the usual order.

This is simply the cheapest and best magazine, for the money, in the world. What other magazine gives such a profusion of beautiful illustrations or such a quantity of excellent reading matter for a quarter, which is exactly the price the reader would have to pay in England for as much of "Orley Farm" as he gets along with the other stories and papers in one number of *Harper's*? or what other magazine has such a combination of genius in one number as Thackeray, Trollope, Millais, and the authoresses of "Adam Bede," and "John Halifax Gentleman," not to mention less distinguished contributors? We pause for replies until the next number of the magazine comes to hand, when we shall have more good words for it, if it continues to deserve them.

## COMING MEN.

The wisest of Americans and the funniest of Americans—the sage of Concord and the renowned showman of "Vanity Fair" will make their appearance on Canadian platforms to instruct and amuse lecture going audiences during the coming Winter. Emerson is to speak twice in Toronto, and that "gay and festive cuss" "Artemus Ward" will make his first appearance in Toronto, Hamilton, and other Canadian cities. Lovers of wisdom, and of fun, will owe the pleasure of listening to the foremost thinker of the age, and to the most original of American humourists, to the Literary Society of Toronto, a society that would be an honor to any country and is a positive blessing to this new land of ours. EUGENE.

WHERE SHALL I DINE?—One evening, Sheridan, not knowing where to go for a dinner, sat down by Michael Angelo Taylor, in the House of Commons, and said—"There is a law question likely to arise presently, on which, from your local knowledge, you will be wanted to reply to Pitt, so I hope you will not think of leaving the House." Michael sat down with no little pleasure, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house, and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants—"Your master is not coming home this evening." He made an excellent dinner, came back to the House, and seeing Michael look expectant, went to release him, saying—"I am sorry to have kept you; for after all, I believe this matter will not come up to-night." Michael instantly walked home, and heard, to his no little consternation, when he rang for dinner, "Mr. Sheridan had it, Sir, about two hours ago."

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and lets him want it.

## The Field and Garden

CULTIVATION OF THE VINE.—A vine ought not to be allowed to bear too many bunches, and the bunches ought not to be allowed to bear too many grapes; for, in either of these cases, the ripening is retarded some weeks, and this drives them into the cold weather and spoils them. Another drawback upon the success of the crop is the too many shoots are allowed to grow, and the strength of the vine is divided between an endless number of weak branches, a robbing one another of sustenance.

An old vine, if in good health, may be made to bear a fair crop by removing all the weak shoots, and cutting back the strong ones to within an inch of the main branch, but if one of the last years' growth be thick and strong, and well ripened, it may be retained, and one of the old branches cut away; by this means the greater part of the vine may be renewed.

In the Spring when the vine starts and shows the fruit bunches, you will mostly find two, and sometimes three, on the same shoot. If you wish the grapes to do well only one must be left, and that the best. Pinch off the rest of the shoot one joint beyond the bunch.

When the grapes are as large as peas thin them out by taking three or four berries out of each shoulder at the points, and the same out of the small clusters that make up the bunch, for those at the base are the finest; and although one-half of the bunch may be thus taken away, it will be quite as heavy as the whole would have been and the berries twice as large.

Avoid the practice of removing the leaves under the idea that the sun reaches the fruit, when they begin to color, as the ripen better with the leaves on. In unfavorable seasons, when the fruit is backward, oiled paper or gauze bags may be put over the bunches, which will preserve them from the early frosts.

CHLORIDE OF LIME FOR DESTROYING INSECTS.—Sprinkling beds of vegetable with even a weak solution of this salt effectually preserves them from caterpillars, beetles, slugs, &c. It has the same effect when sprinkled on the foliage of fruit trees. A paste of one part of powdered chloride of lime and one-half part of some fatty matter placed in a narrow band round the trunk of the tree, prevents insects from creeping up it. It has ever been noticed that rats and mice quit places in which a certain quantity of chloride of lime has been spread. The salt, dried and finely powdered, can be employed for the same purpose as flour of sulphur, and be spread by the same means.

M. GENIVE lately addressed the Academies Sciences on the subject of "The Eggs." He affirms that he is now able, having studied the subject for upwards of three years, to state, with assurance, that all eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth at the extremities.

SUBSTITUTE FOR YEAST.—Those who cannot procure yeast, may make a better substitute as follows:—Boil one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and little salt, in two gallons of water for a hour. When milk-warm, bottle and cork close, and it will be ready for use in twenty four hours.

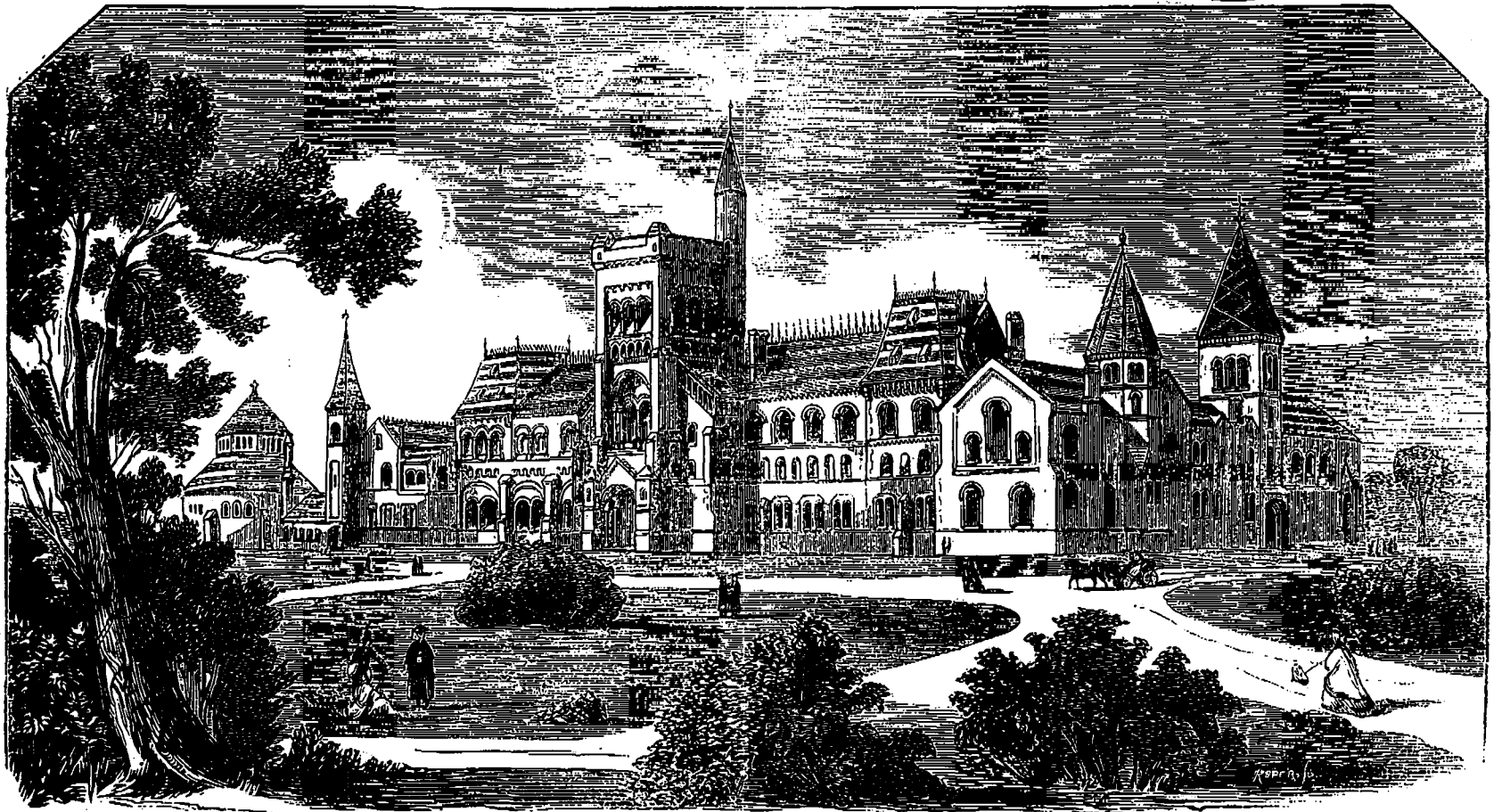
THE BEST MANURE FOR A PLANT.—Decaying vegetable and animal substances applied to crops act not only by supplying carbonic acid and ammonia, but also by furnishing such inorganic salts as the decomposing substance may happen to contain; hence any particular crop, as hay, grain, or potatoes, there is no manure so good as the salt kind of vegetable in a state of decay or ashes, or the manure of animals fed upon it.

A SOULLESS MAN.—An Iowa orator wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said:—"I have heard that some persons hold the opinion that, just at the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters an animate the newborn babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *thar*, and I find that for some hours before he drew breath nobody died. Fellow-citizens, I will not leave you to draw the inference."

A wit speaking of his stay at a hotel, of served, "I called for a bottle of wine that my landlord might live." "I abstained from drinking it that I might live too."

AN AMERICAN PAPER SAYS:—"Marriageable ladies are called waiting-maids."

IRISH EPITAPH.—Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

THE first idea of the establishment of a Provincial University originated with General Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada; but it was not till the year 1827 that a charter was granted by His Majesty George IV., for the establishment of a College for Upper Canada, with the style and privileges of a University. This institution was then designated "King's College," and was endowed by patent, with a portion of the lands which had been set apart by George III. for educational purposes. By the original charter it was provided that the Chancellor, President and Professors should all be members of the Church of England. In 1837 the Royal Charter was amended, with the object of rendering it less exclusive, but, in consequence of various impediments, the institution was not opened for the admission of students until June 8th, 1843. Another provincial statute, whereby further important modifications were effected, and the designation was changed from 'King's College,' to that of the 'University of Toronto,' came into operation on January 1, 1850. In April, 1853, the University was divided into two institutions, one retaining the title of the 'University of Toronto,' and the other styled 'University College, Toronto.' The first of these institutions is limited in its functions to prescribing subjects of examination, examining the candidates, and conferring Degrees and Honors. University College has prescribed courses of study, and in its lectures are given on the subjects appointed for candidates for the degree of B. A., or for the diplomas in Civil Engineering and Agriculture. The accompanying wood-cut represents a perspective view of the south and east sides of the University. The general outline of the buildings approaches in form to a square, having an internal quadrangle, the north side of which is left open to the Park. The principal entrance is under the massive tower at the centre. The east wing is about 200 feet long, and has two towers capped with spires, the one octagonal and the other square. The west wing is 336 feet long, and contains lodgings for about 1000 students, together with the dining hall, the College society room, and resi-

dence for the officer in charge of the students. The style of architecture is called Romanesque or Norman. It sprang from the Roman, which having become greatly debased, was again elevated and adapted to more modern forms of civilization. It was imported into the British Isles immediately from Normandy at the time of the Conquest, and is readily distinguished by its general massive character, round headed doors and windows, and low, square central tower.

The walls of the building are of a white stone from Georgetown quarry, with the exception of the angles and window frames, which are of Ohio stone. The interior is admirably adapted to collegiate purposes. The entrance hall is thirty-three feet long and twenty-five feet wide, with a gallery running along the south end. The convocation hall in the east wing is eighty-five feet in length by thirty-eight in breadth, and its average height up to the beams is forty-five feet. The stone carving of this wall is of great beauty. The museum, the library, and some of the lecture rooms are spacious and suitably arranged. The two avenues leading to the University are planted with trees, which are remarkable for their exuberant foliage. The one leading from Queen street is five-eighths of a mile in length, and the other leading from George street is one-fourth of a mile in length. The impression produced upon the mind of a stranger, by the edifice itself, is greatly enhanced by the appropriate beauty of these approaches.

We have thus endeavored to describe a building of which, as Canadians, we may well be proud. We subjoin a brief statement of various particulars which may be of interest to our readers.

The professional staff consists of the Rev. John McCaul, L.L.D., Professor of Classical Literature, &c.; the Rev. Jas. Beaven, D.D., Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics; Daniel Wilson, L.L.D., Professor of History and English Literature; James Forneri, L.L.D., Professor of Modern Languages; G. T. Kingston, M. A., Professor of Meteorology; H. H. Croft, D.C.L., Professor of Chemistry; Rev. William Hincks, F.L.S., Professor of Natural History; E. J. Chapman, Esq., Professor of Mineralogy and Geology; J. B. Cherriman, M. A., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; George Buckland, Esq., Professor of Agriculture, together with J. M. Hirschfelder, Esq., Lecturer on Oriental

Literature, and the Rev. Arthur Wickson, M. A., Classical Tutor.

The library contains a valuable collection of books in the different departments of science and literature. The number of volumes is about 15,000, and the selection has been made mainly with a view to their utility as books of reference.

The museum of Natural History contains about 70 specimens of mammalia, 1000 specimens of birds, 70 of reptiles, and 150 of fishes. There is also an extensive and valuable series of insects, and several thousand specimens of the shells of molluscous animals. In botany there is a collection including about 6000 species. There is a museum of Mineralogy and Geology which is every year increasing in interest and value. There is also a valuable and extensive apparatus illustrative of natural philosophy and chemistry, to which considerable additions have recently been made.

The character of University College never stood so high as it does now, and its friends are called to stand up in its defence as a great Provincial institution, against those who seek to destroy its efficiency, and who present and urge claims which are preposterously sectarian. Every security is now given that our young men will be instructed in the higher branches of learning, upon a sound christian, though unsectarian, basis. It is most desirable that the clergy and laity of different denominations should be trained under the same system and within the same walls; but if any of the sects regard the establishment of a College as a "connectional necessity," let them erect and endow them at their own expense. If University College be preserved in its integrity, it will at no distant day rival the Seminaries of education in Europe which are doing so much to diffuse the grand truths of philosophy, and the knowledge of those arts by which life has been elevated, enriched and adorned. It is already producing, and it is hoped will long continue to produce, men eminent in almost every department of literature and science.

THE DAISY.—The word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its etymology — 'the eye of day.'

FREE THINKING.—Free thinking does not always mean thinking freely; it is more commonly being free from thinking.

AN ARAB ENTERTAINMENT.—A huge wooden bowl, some two feet in diameter, and full of boiled rice, was placed in the middle of the street; a crowd of Arabs immediately squatted round, all plunging in their hands at once, and licking their fingers with monstrous delight. The mess vanished rapidly, every one who passed was invited to partake, and some good-natured fellows seized an old blind man and threw him grinning with delight over the heads of those who surrounded the basin, in order that he might get a handful; women were stopped, and, as they could not eat at once on account of their veils, had their hands filled; one soon contrived to swallow her portion, and I saw her go away wiping her finger against the wall; children while on the shoulders of others came for their portion. All this was the work of about three minutes, when the crowd began to disperse. One man, however, probably a late comer, snatched up the bowl, under pretence of washing it from a water-skin, on a camel's back hard by, and began to scrape it round and round, and lick his fingers with delight. Presently a couple of women joined him, and they squatted down round it, poured more water in, swilled the sides, and washed down the remaining grains of rice which they scooped up and devoured. When these had done, yet another hungry one appeared, and seized the bowl, rubbed it as if he wanted to melt the sides, poured in a little water, rubbed again, and succeeded in producing a pale fluid. Then he took up the enormous vessel in his two hands, and seemed to enjoy the draught extremely. I afterwards learned that this was a gift to the poor on the occasion either of a marriage, a circumcision, or a death.—*Two Years in the Levant.*

TRUTH.—We must not always speak all that we know—that would be folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks—otherwise it is knavery. All a man can get by lying and dissembling is, that he shall not be believed when he speaks the truth.

THE FATE OF THE INSINCERE.—It is generally the fate of a double dealer to lose his friends and keep his enemies.

HUMILITY.—A humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

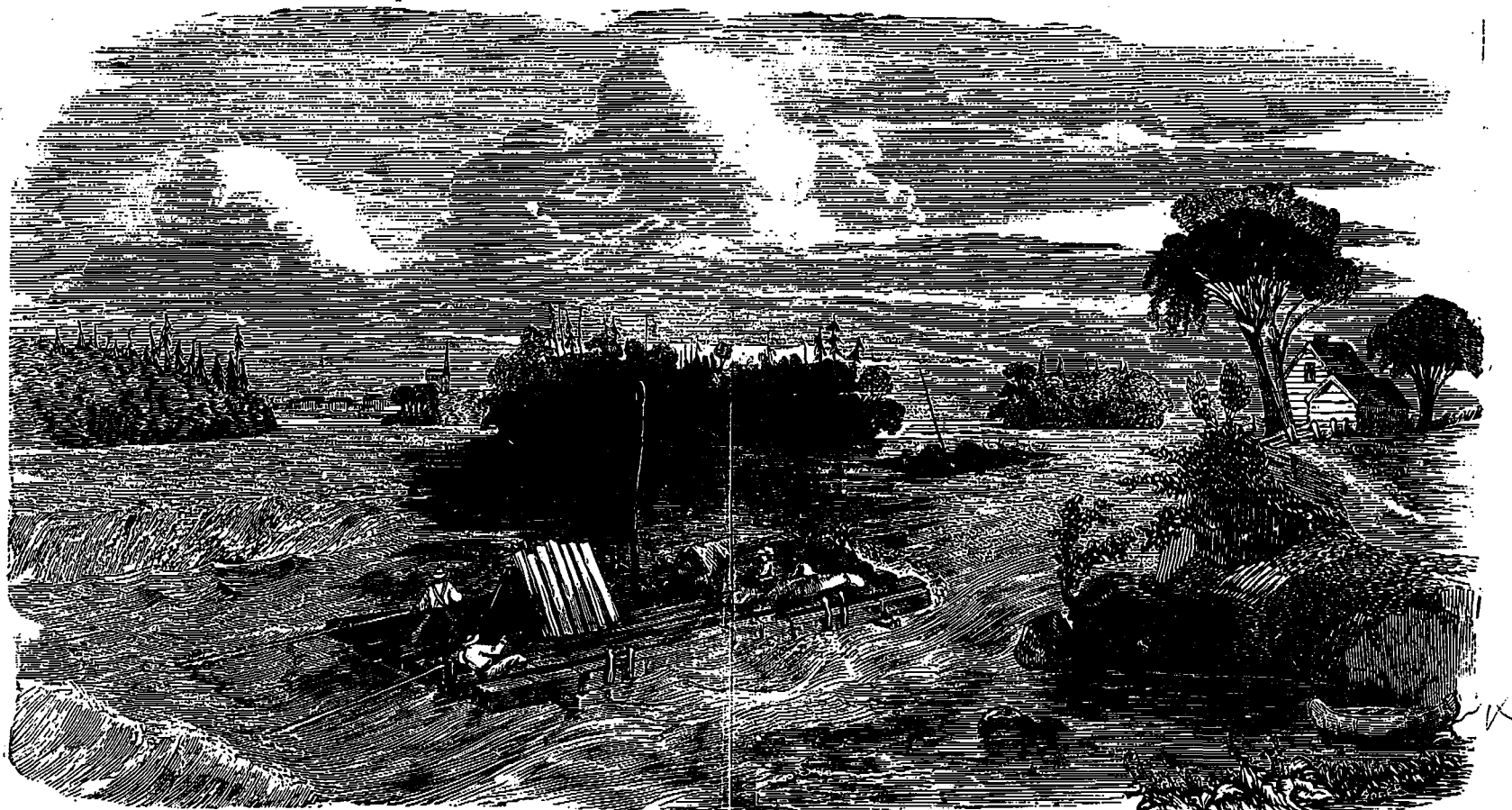
## SCENE ON THE St. LAWRENCE.

This scene is on the river St. Lawrence a short distance above Montreal. The Village of Cedars is seen in the distance. It is situated in the country of Soulanges, which borders on the Upper Province. Besides the natural beauty of the scenery the rafts passing down the river illustrate an employment in which a considerable number of the population are engaged. Vast quantities of timber are cut down during the winter and conveyed to the rivers and lakes, to be borne to their destination, or to be shipped to foreign countries.

It will easily be believed that the occupation of a lumberer, as he lives for the most part of his time in the depth of the forest or on the raft, is well calculated to beget a spirit of adventure. The fearlessness, therefore, and dexterity with which they guide the raft down the rapids or shoot the slide is really astonishing. To those uninitiated into the mysteries of rafting we may say that the two structures seen on the raft serve the purposes of a sleeping apartment and cooking shanty, the one nearest to the steersmen is used for the latter purpose. The pole is used for a mast, from which a sail is spread when the wind is favorable or the slow current requires it.

AN INDIAN STORY.—There is an Eastern story which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel, to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path, or step backward in search of her object. In proportion to the size and richness of the ear she gathered so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered upon the field. Many a tall stock of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onward, expecting always to find some one more excellent still.—

At last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stocks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward; on the margin of the field they were mildewed, and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain she emerged on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are not told that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little Indian fable to the realities of daily life.



RAPIDS OPPOSITE THE VILLAGE OF CEDARS.

## TOPICS OF INTEREST.

To aid those in distress, especially when it is brought about by means beyond their control, is at once a duty and a privilege. A duty, because we are bound to obey the behests of that comprehensive and all-applying precept, which, though sometimes scarcely discernible when prosperity shines upon our path, yet is seen in all its applicative beauty when the grim hand of adversity has seized upon us—finds a response in every human heart—'do unto others as you wish others to do unto you.' A privilege, for an act of kindness done unto a suffering soul, brings with it a reward which wealth cannot purchase. In our day, however, the danger is not so much that honest indigence will not be speedily, if not permanently relieved; but that there may be a want of discrimination in the application of this relief—that a temporary advantage may take the place of a lasting good.

There will be little difference of opinion as to how the inhabitants of this country should act at the present juncture towards their suffering fellow-kinsmen beyond the Atlantic, who have been reduced to the extreme of poverty, by no fault of their own. The liberality displayed by the people of Montreal is but an index of the sentiment felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. But though all may be willing and even anxious to do something in alleviating

their distress, there is not the same unanimity in respect to the mode in which it should be done. To Canadians two methods readily present themselves. One is, that the money collected be forwarded to relieve immediate wants; the other, that it may be applied in providing homes in this country, for those who are willing to emigrate, so that it may be made a permanent benefit both to him who leaves and to those who remain. It is not difficult to perceive, that, unless the war which has brought about this state of things be speedily terminated, some other means for relieving the wants of those deprived of employment will have to be provided. That the internecine struggle is about to cease is an extremely doubtful supposition, and, from present appearances, to act upon it, would not be very suggestive of wisdom in one possessed of no more penetration into futurity than common mortals. But, though the war should now terminate, it will be no inconsiderable time ere trade return, if ever again it should resume its wonted activity. It is possible then that sending away the money collected here, is but prolonging what will ultimately have to be resorted to.

To reduce the number of those depending on public aid, would, we think, be more effective than to support the whole for a limited period, and then to leave them in the same position as we found them. The season of the year may

not be the best adapted for emigration. It is questionable however, whether the suffering they will have to undergo, unless peace be soon restored, will not be greater than any that would be experienced from a Canadian winter. Let the Government give land, if not free at a merely nominal price; let an appeal be made to the people to contribute to their support in other things besides money and there is no fear that it would be made in vain. We think that this is the true policy of those who are so laudably engaged in this good work, as it will benefit both those who give and those who receive.

The Governor General is making a tour through the Upper Province and is cordially welcomed wherever he makes his appearance. He will now be able to assure her Majesty from personal observation, that the people are well pleased to remain under Her benignant sway; but, on the other hand will have to inform Lord Palmerston, and those other war prophets, that there is no very great activity among the people in preparing for that coming fight so confidently predicted. The truth is, if we can only preserve our connection with England by raising a large army when their whims or fears think such to be necessary, it is not likely to last long. We think, that we know our own wants better than they, and neither abuse nor threats of casting us off, will produce any great effect. The country is not quite ready nor does it desire to set up on its own account, but will prefer the latter to

the former alternative. He is highly pleased too with the progress, prosperity and industry of the people, and predicts for us a great future.

The Provincial Fair has again come round, and every year is growing in importance in public opinion. Large additions have been made for the greater accommodation of exhibitors and the country is all astir with those who are desirous to display their ingenuity and skill in advancing the arts of peace.

A new and interesting tale will be commenced in the next number.

For obvious reasons, no Summary of general or foreign news is given in this issue, but they will be attended to hereafter.

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

CLASSES OF MEN.—Mankind may be divided into three classes. There are those who learn experience from others, they are happy men; those who learn from their own experience, they are wise men; and lastly, those who learn neither from their own nor from other people's experience, they are fools.

THE TRUE SOCIAL SCIENCE.—How to make home happy,

## COLONIAL DEFENCES IN ENGLAND.

THAT a colonial question should be misunderstood by British statesmen and journalists, is not in itself a matter, the novelty of which would give it a special claim to our attention. We have long been accustomed to the most extraordinary blundering in that quarter, when colonial affairs were under consideration. It excites no surprise with us, now-a-days, to be favored by the English press, with facts of Canadian geography, of which the people of the Province had, until then, remained in profound ignorance; such as, that the Ottawa flows into Lake Ontario, and that Hamilton is a town about half the size of London. We can read complacently an 'authentic' British historian who artistically blends two of our frontier battles into one, though they were fought at opposite ends of the Province; but of what importance are the circumstances of time and place in the history of a colony? No Canadian, we presume, took the trouble to inform the London journals that our Parliament was not dissolved on the rejection of the Militia Bill, and that their prophecies about the result of the approaching general elections, had therefore no basis of fact to rest upon. But the storm which we have innocently raised in the British Parliament, by our conduct on the question of Colonial defence, is of more than usual importance, and does not admit of being lightly dealt with. We pass over the irritating language used on that occasion, as the effervescence of a temporary excitement, which, however prolific of evil, if often repeated, will soon be forgotten by us, and we trust, sincerely regretted by its authors. In the debate in question, Lord Ellenborough declared, with all the confidence of one who had received a special revelation on the subject, that Canada would be invaded by the Northern States, whatever might be the result of their present contest with the South, in the mere wantonness of triumph, if successful, and as an alleviation of their wounded pride if defeated. This we regard as the cardinal mistake, so far as the present question of defence is concerned. Had the United States, in a time of peace, commenced to make extensive military preparations, with no apparent object in view, we, as her nearest neighbour, would have good ground for apprehension; but this is not the case, we are called upon to consider, all will admit that the North has done nothing in this line, more than is sufficient for the requirements of the present war. Comparatively disinterested spectators of that contest, unmoved by the patriotic impulses, and fierce enthusiasm which kindled the heart of the American people when their flag was shot from Fort Sumpter and the "wildly worshipped" Union was invaded. We may calmly reason that it is wrong, immoral, hopeless; but we can scarcely doubt the sincerity of those who wage it. We have not the remotest evidence of its being a pretext for raising large armies for aggressive wars when the opportunity offers. But what is to be done with those immense armies when the war is over? it is asked, and straightway history has to yield up its analogies to prove the probability of the invasion theory; but these analogies are only specious. Historical standing armies have, for the most part, been under the control of irresponsible rulers, who have monopolized the glories, but shared none of the burdens of war.

The United States, on the other hand, can only carry on war with the sanction of the popular will, not perhaps the most reliable thing in the world, but yet which cannot be moved in a direction opposite to its own obvious interests, without the stimulus of some powerful motive. It is difficult to see what motive could induce it to sanction an invasion of Canada, such an invasion

could rouse but little of the lofty enthusiasm which, rightfully or wrongfully, gives such intensity to the war feeling against the South.

The blindest American cannot believe that it would produce any permanent advantage to his country; it would immeasurably increase the already heavy burdens he is compelled to bear, and yield, as reward, only the chequered glories of the battle field, surely a most inadequate compensation in the eyes of a thrifty money-seeking people.

But there are other reasons which will prevent the United States from undertaking aggressive wars. A nation to be successful in that line of business, must be governed by a strong central power, which can lay its hands authoritatively on every energy of the people and convert them to its use, which can quench every independent thought calculated to thwart its policy. Is it possible that the American people are blind to this obvious fact? With the experience of the last few months before their eyes we should scarcely think so. During these months they have had to endure a temporary despotism imposed by the unavoidable necessities of war. It requires no peculiar gifts to see that this exceptional state of things must become permanent with the permanence—or even long continuance—of the cause which has produced it. The Americans, we are convinced, are as well acquainted with these facts as ourselves, and nothing but the peculiar nature of the struggle in which they are engaged prevents an imperative popular demand for peace.—We are well aware that there are causes arising from Imperial policy which might possibly lead to a collision between the two countries, but we leave this part of the question, with all confidence, to the wisdom of British Statesmen. If in this we do not overrate them, as much as they have underrated us, there is no fear of a war with the United States. Why then should we tax the infant energies of our country by spasmodic efforts to raise a semi-standing army, which we do not require, and which will justify our neighbours in doing the same. Let us rather follow the example of England, encourage the volunteer movement, give every man who wishes, an opportunity of learning the use of arms. This is a system more in accordance with our ideas and with our abilities, with its help we are willing, should the storm unhappily come, to accept the verdict of even these colonial traducers, as to whether we have done our share, to vindicate the honour of the British flag.

## MAKE FRIENDS.

SELF-RELIANCE and the haughty self-complacence which contemns the aid of others, are very different things. It is well to have confidence in one's own energies, and to cultivate them; but no one can either fight his way to success or struggle out of difficulty utterly unsupported and alone. If we show no disposition to help ourselves, and that manfully, it is not probable that anybody will take the trouble of dragging us along; but, on the other hand, if we are not wise enough to make friends as we pass through life, there is little likelihood that when we need them, they will spring up around us spontaneously, whatever pluck we may have displayed in an isolated, single-handed struggle with fortune. It is bad policy, therefore, to be haughty, repellent, unsocial. The most resolute and determined aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and if no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started.

'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' was the old law in Judea; a lift for a lift, is the business rule of to-day, and if sometimes broken by the ungrateful, when there is most need of its observance, it certainly works better than the principle that a man should depend entirely

upon himself, neither giving nor receiving assistance.

But it is not from prudential motives merely that the energetic and persevering assist each other. All men of vigorous minds and elastic temperaments, sympathize with effort. They honor the individual who has fought gallantly the battle of life, though reverses may have overtaken him; they recognize him as a kindred spirit, though he lies on his back; they are willing to give him a 'boost,' because they feel that he needs but a new foothold to assure his ultimate success.

These are among the reasons why men who are true to themselves, are almost invariably true to each other, and why their friendship and sympathy mean something more than words.

Let no one, whatever his talents, his opportunities, or his confidence in his own powers, despise the alliance of such men. No human being ever was or will be capable of achieving eminence in the business world, without at least the indirect help of others. Therefore, let all young men who are entering business life, labor in a manly and just way to make friends—and of the right sort.

**SUPERSTITIOUS FOLKS.**—There is a class of over-imaginative people who believe in 'signs,' agreeable and disagreeable. These are a few of them—"The leaves of the bay-tree, put under the head, were supposed to occasion pleasant dreams, which never failed to be realized. Maidens in the north of England, whose feet were impatient to tread the elysian fields of matrimony, used to open the Bible at the book of Ruth, lay a sixpence between the leaves, and place the book under their pillows, that they might dream of the men who were to be their husbands. When a girl's sweetheart incurred her displeasure, and she wished to punish the scurvy fellow with bad dreams, the angry damsel resorted to a singular piece of witchcraft. She would procure a bird's heart, and the moment the clock struck twelve at night, she would pierce it with a number of pins. Her lover would be sure to pass a restless night, especially if he had taken a heavy supper. That our ears glow and tingle when anybody is talking about us, is a conceit that has come down from the ancients. Those learned in occult lore tell us that when the left ear tingles, the breath of slander is soiling our fair fame; if the right, some one is speaking good of us. If the right eye itches without a cause, tears will shortly flow from it; if this sensation is experienced in the other eye, we may expect soon to laugh. If the cheek burns, the interpreters of omens caution us to beware of the person who sits on the glowing side. The itching of the nose betokens the approach of a stranger, and if the lips itch we may hope for a kiss. In the days of ignorance the meeting of a weasel was believed to presage some fearful calamity. When a sow with a litter of pigs crossed the highway in sight of a traveller, it was accounted a lucky omen."

"Ned," said one negro to another, "is you a married man?"—"No, sir-ee! but I wish I was."—"Ah, honey, if you was, you'd wish you wasn't."—"Why so, Clem?"—"Because a man dat marries now-a-days marries a great deal more dan he bargained for. He not only weds himself to de woman, but to a laboratin of prepared chalk, a quintal ob whalebone, eight coffee bags, (for skirts,) one poodle-dog, an' a set ob weak nerves, which will keep de servant-gals busy flyin' round de house de whole blessed time. Wheder de fun pays for de powder is a matter ob debate."

An American editor says that when he was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

The cheerful are the busy; when weariness knocks at your door, he will generally retire if you send him word you are engaged.

"How odd it is," said Pat as he trudged along on foot one hot sultry day, "that a man never meets a team going the same way he is."

## A SCENE WITNESSED AT A SAINT'S

**FESTA IN THE SUBURBS OF MADRID.** I made my way through the crowd which pressed up to the Saint's chapel, or which thronged about the tents for refreshment, and got out in the adjoining fields, where numbers of little parties were grouped about, some of whom were beginning to dance. All seemed happy. I suppose, though, there was the usual undercurrent of vexation. Juan absent from the little party where he was most longed for, and Beatrice not found in another, which to some one was naught without her: or Catalina dancing coldly with Luis, to the heart-breaking of poor Pedro, who looked on at a distance, but might not join them. But these things were not visible to the stranger. I stood for some time in the outer circle of several of these sets of dancers, in a large, hilly field of irregular shape.—Looking suddenly at the top of the hill, I saw against the blue sky the figure of a young girl dancing beautifully. I made my way to the little home-party which this "phantom of delight" belonged to. It was on the extreme outskirts of the throng. The girl was about twelve years old, and was dancing with one of her brothers, as I conjectured. I sat down by the blind fiddler who was playing to them, and looked on. A light breeze waved against our backs the corn of the neighboring field divided from us by no hedge. But how shall I describe to you this girl and her dancing? She was dressed in the commonest dress, with no choiceness in its arrangement; having on coarse clouted shoes, and long loose garments. Her face I do not distinctly remember: it was certainly not beautiful, only earnest. But she danced in the most consummate manner you can conceive. It was the expression of the height of passionless joy, in the utmost grace of movement. She wanted no admiration, had no other foolish thoughts, but only said, as it were, to the bystanders, "I am very happy, and this is how I tell you so." Her brother, a graceful, fine youth, better dressed than his sister, quitted the dance, and another brother succeeded. Still she danced on. She tired him out too; and the first brother then came on a second time. But there was no weariness in her. She threw her hair off her face, and went on again.—She had a spectator as untiring as herself, for, I believe, if she had continued dancing till now, I should have still been watching her.

*Dunsford.* And what did you think all this time?

*Milverton.* Ah, well, I thought of many things. I thought how the girl's talent for dancing would be noticed, and she would be brought upon the stage; and then I fancied the proud disgust with which she would listen to the applause given to inferior dancers at the wrong place; and how, amidst the gilt-paper triumphs of such a life, she would look back, perhaps, upon this very day with fondness as a really happy day. And then, I remember, I thought how little we understood pleasure, and how we crush the delicate thing in our clumsy efforts to hold it. And I looked up at the splendid palace of Madrid, and thought of regal pomps and vanities.—And then, how it was I know not, I thought of death. Perhaps anything very beautiful has that thought in the back-ground. But now the dance was stopped; the girl tripped off to fetch something; and the elders of the party moved away. I went also; and though I returned to the same place and sought afterwards in many other groups, I could not find again my beautiful dancer from the heart; nor save in some auspicious dream, shall I see such dancing any more, I fear.—*Friends in Council.*

TENACITY of purpose is the indispensable conditions of success in whatever you undertake. You must learn to hold on.

In a hot summer when there is most thirst there are fewest brooks. So of many people's characters, they are rarest when most needed.



## HELEN MAXWELL.

It is not easy to imagine a scene of deeper domestic distress than that to which, at the commencement of our narrative, we have to introduce our readers. A dimly burning lamp faintly illuminated a small and scantily furnished apartment of a house in a very populous quarter of the great southern metropolis, where, collected around a pallet-bed, stood three children, a girl and two little boys, the eldest not exceeding sixteen years of age, watching in silent grief the emaciated form of a dying parent. They were the children of Walter Maxwell, the man who lay on the bed around which they stood, and who appeared to be in that stultic and unconscious state which frequently precedes dissolution, when the mortal strife, the bitterness of death, is past. A few words will suffice to explain the condition of the dying man and his desolate family.

Walter Maxwell was respectably connected. He was the second son of a professional gentleman of high reputation but small fortune, who had died several years before. Shortly after his father's death his elder brother had gone abroad, and for a length of time all correspondence between them had entirely ceased. Having vested his small patrimony in business, Walter for a season enjoyed a considerable share of worldly prosperity, and married the daughter of a wealthy London merchant, named Russell; but unfortunately this lady, though not of unamiable disposition, was but slenderly gifted with that economy and power of management which were desirable in the helpmate of a man who had no resource excepting his own industry and prudence. Almost unconsciously he found himself involved in a style of living to which his means were inadequate; by unforeseen casualties he met with several heavy losses; and when he had been married for eight or nine years, and found himself the father of three promising children, he also found that his capital was not only reduced, but his business, owing to various circumstances which it was difficult to trace to any cause, greatly diminished. In this juncture, Mrs. Maxwell, who was of delicate constitution, died, and Walter felt himself by this severe stroke even more urged to make every exertion in behalf of the children who were now cast exclusively on his care. His efforts, however, were unavailing. Any advantage which he had formerly enjoyed from his connexion with the family of his deceased wife, was now withdrawn; his business continued to retrograde; his credit became low; and, to crown the sum of his calamities, his health, weakened by toil and anxiety of mind, began to fail. Struggling with disease, Mr. Maxwell soon became quite incapable of attending to his duties, and was compelled to leave his comfortable home for one less expensive; and, declining from one stage of poverty to another, he felt himself under the necessity of disposing of different articles of furniture to procure the means of subsistence, till nearly all that remained was collected in the room to which we have already alluded. Mr. Maxwell, although in his various vicissitudes he had preserved an unblemished moral reputation, was not strictly a religious character, and consequently he was destitute of the best sources of comfort amidst the afflictions of his lot. His spirit sunk, his temper became quick and irritable.

Never was the character of woman as the angel of life more beautifully displayed than by Helen Maxwell, the only daughter of this unhappy man! Not so young but that she could both perceive and feel the privations to which step by step the family were reduced, she carefully abstained from uttering a word to imply that she experienced a hardship, or had a wish unsatisfied. To watch with maternal care over her young brothers, and to attend with unceasing assiduity to every wish, and even every look of her father, had been, young as she was, for years her constant study. When again and again their residence was changed for one less agreeable and commodious, it was her object to render the alteration as little perceptible as possible; and as one favourite piece of furniture after another was disposed of to meet exigencies which could not otherwise be provided for, she tasked her ingenuity to arrange what remained in such a manner as might spare her father's eye from witnessing the deficiency. But this was little. At a Sabbath school at which she had been a regular and exemplary scholar, and latterly a teacher, she had obtained much spiritual instruction; and in the most sweet and humble manner, rather like one that suggested than instructed, she endeavoured to lead the mind of her dying parent to those great truths which she experimentally knew to be an unfailling source of comfort under the trials of the present world. She had also requested Mr. Anderson, the head-

teacher of the Sabbath school, and one of the agents of the city mission, to visit her father; and the attentions of this pious man, together with the unwavering and affectionate kindness of his daughter, did much to bring the mind of Mr. Maxwell into a frame more becoming the solemn situation in which he was placed. Kindness and sympathy, however, could not arrest the progress of his malady. To resign himself, and especially his children, anxiety for whom chiefly weighed upon his heart, to the providence of God, was a lesson he had newly learned; and he had recently manifested a measure of peace and submission which Helen could not witness without thankfulness and delight.

It was with chequered feelings, therefore, that this amiable girl watched the latest moments of her only surviving parent. The hour was drawing late, and her little brothers had retired to bed, to enjoy that repose of which scarcely any event can deprive children, the eldest of whom was not more than eleven years. And now Helen was entirely alone in one of the most trying and painful positions which a human being can occupy—that of watching another, and that other a parent, on the threshold of eternity. All was still as if the chamber were already that of death. Faint breathing, scarcely audible, was all that announced that the separation between the soul and body of her father had not yet taken place. Helen, strengthened as she was by high religious principle for the exigencies of the moment, could have wished that some friend had been with her in this hour of desolation; but, although dwelling in a crowded district, she was unacquainted with any one who resided in the immediate vicinity; and amidst the urgent personal interests of a poor neighbourhood, none had ever spent a thought on the sickly merchant and his three young children. But Helen was able to realize the presence of an all-sufficient Friend; and as, in the confidence of prayer, she cast herself upon his care and protection, she felt that in this season of loneliness and bereavement, God had given his angels charge concerning her. While engaged in this exercise a slight movement attracted her attention to the bed upon which her father lay. A rapid change had passed over his countenance, his breathing for an instant was more laborious, and with a faint sigh his spirit fled.

At this moment a low knocking was heard at the door, and Mr. Anderson, accompanied by his wife, who had shown great kindness during her father's illness, entered the apartment. A glance showed them that all was over. "I intended," said Mrs. Anderson, "to have requested you to allow me to sit up to-night, as I am sure you are quite worn out with fatigue; but death, I perceive, has been here before me. God's will be done. He is the Comforter of the distressed, and the Father of the fatherless."

Helen made no answer; her heart was too full to speak. She felt that Providence had been kind in so unexpectedly sending friends to be present with her at a moment to which she could not look forward without a fainting heart; and, throwing herself on a chair, she gave vent to her varied emotions in a flood of tears. Mr. Anderson, an humble and judicious Christian, neither chided nor restrained her natural expression of sorrow, but from time to time uttered such words of heavenly consolation as were most calculated to soothe and support the mind of a pious mourner.

It was necessary that the connexions of the family should be soon made acquainted with the event, and Mr. Anderson proposed to call next morning on Mr. Russell, brother to the late Mrs. Maxwell, who, with his family, were the only relatives the young orphans had in London, and inform him of the decease of his poor friend. Mr. Russell was quite aware of the circumstances of Mr. Maxwell and his children. He had once made a hurried visit, and on several occasions sent presents of soups, jellies, and other articles necessary for one in Maxwell's situation. This, however, had been the whole amount of kindness evinced by their nearest relative to the distressed family, and it afforded but little prospect that much consideration would be shown to them in their present position. Helen, ignorant of the real difficulties of her condition, had scarcely cast a glance into the future, or, if she did, supposed that the earnings of her needle would suffice to supply the slender wants of her youthful charge and herself; but Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, better acquainted with life as it was, knew that no situation could be more helpless than that of so young a female, burdened with the support of two children, friendlessly struggling to obtain the means of subsistence in a place such as London, surcharged with multitudes in an almost similarly destitute state, who were thankful to toil night and day for even the scantiest remuneration. Frequently had

Mr. Maxwell, in earnest conversation with Mr. Anderson, expressed his hope that (although he personally shrunk from making any application to Mr. Russell), in the event of his death, his children would not fail to meet with sympathy from one so well able to assist them. Mr. Anderson, therefore, left the house of mourning with the intention of waiting on the wealthy merchant early on the ensuing day, while his wife, who could not prevail upon herself to leave Miss Maxwell at such a season, much to the comfort of the latter, remained.

Mr. Anderson, on the following morning, was faithful to his appointment. Between ten and eleven o'clock, he reached the elegant square in which Mr. Russell resided, and found a carriage waiting at the door to convey the proprietor to his place of business in the city. Knowing he must be within, he requested a servant to announce that he wished to see his master; when he was ushered into a handsome room fitted up as a library, and requested to wait a few minutes till it could be ascertained whether Mr. Russell had leisure to see him. Mr. Anderson had studied for the church, and, like most students, esteemed it a pleasant thing to spend a few minutes in deciphering titles, the only part of the majority of the richly bound volumes with which the shelves were loaded which appeared ever to have been read. While thus employed, Mr. Russell, a portly, red-faced man, a few years on the north side of forty, scrupulously attired in glossy black, and well hung with gold chains, and a due proportion of seals and rings, bustled into the apartment.

"John, get my hat, and tell William to put the newspapers into the carriage, as I'm coming directly," he cried; then turning to Mr. Anderson, continued, "Beg your pardon, sir, but the horses are waiting. You've come, I suppose, about that vacant clerkship, but the place is filled up—can't tell you the number of applications—hope you may hear of something else to suit you. Good morning."

"My business is of another nature," said Mr. Anderson; "I have come from Miss Maxwell to intimate to you the death of her father. Mr. Maxwell died last night."

"Ay, indeed; so Maxwell is dead," said the merchant. "Well, I'm really very sorry to hear of it. I ought to call; but Miss Maxwell will have her friends with her at present, and it may not be convenient. But you will do me the favour of expressing my sympathy and regret. Obligated to you for your attention. Good morning."

"I have to remind you," said Mr. Anderson, not a little disgusted with the unfeeling flippancy of this thorough-going man of the world, "that the late Mr. Maxwell had no friends in London, and it is even doubtful if he had any in life. You are yourself the only known relation of the orphan children."

"Relation, eh!—well, I never thought of that," said Mr. Russell, rubbing his hand through his stiff wiry hair, like a man who finds himself suddenly in a dilemma. "Well, I believe something must be done. Let me see: do me the kindness to tell Miss Maxwell I will call in the course of the day. But aren't you a friend of some sort yourself, eh?"

Mr. Anderson briefly explained by what means he had become acquainted with Miss Maxwell, and the nature of his intercourse with the distressed family.

"Well, well," said Mr. Russell, in his gravest manner, "I suppose I must thank you for your kindness to my niece, as it seems the girl is. Religion is a good thing for dying people—a very good thing, indeed; but I must really be off. Compliments to Miss Maxwell, and I will be sure to see her. Good morning."

Mr. Russell did not wait to ascertain the effect of the third good morning with which he had saluted his visitor, but immediately bolted out of the room; and before Mr. Anderson, in his more deliberate pace, had reached the hall-door, the carriage with its worldly inmate was full drive on its way to the city.

Mr. Anderson now directed his steps to the humble residence of the bereaved orphans. His wife had by this time returned home to her household duties, and Miss Maxwell was alone with her brothers in the apartment employed as a kitchen; the bedroom, which, with a small closet, constituted the whole house, being now the still and deserted domain of death. What a change a few hours had made! He whose every look and word she had for years so sedulously watched, now lay silent and motionless. Mr. Anderson, after having recounted the reception he had met with from Mr. Russell, and prepared Miss Maxwell for his promised visit, went out to engage for some hours in his usual avocation, after which, in obedience to her request, he returned to assist in writing intimations of the recent event

to such of her father's acquaintances as it was considered proper to invite to the funeral. These were few in number, and had for a considerable time entirely lost sight of him of whose death they were now to be reminded. We are not, however, to judge altogether uncharitably of the world. The proverbial saying, "Out of sight, out of mind," is less a sarcasm on humanity than the statement of a simple truth. When Maxwell formed a section of a certain circle, he was of course recognised and appreciated within its bounds; but when, pursued by misfortunes, he dropped out of it, it was perhaps too much to expect that the busy, bustling, and anxious portion of the world in which he had moved, engrossed with banks, joint stocks, and railways, should find leisure to follow him in his downward course, or even perhaps to perceive that he had disappeared from the place which he was wont to fill. There were, however, some who, had they known his real condition, would not have been slow in making some effort to repair his circumstances.

Rather sooner than was expected, the carriage of the busy merchant dashed through the narrow street in which the Maxwells resided, and Mr. Russell, with the promptitude of a man swift to act, and who placed on every moment a commercial value, ran up stairs, and, without knocking, entered the house, and immediately bounced into the room in which Walter Maxwell lay a shrouded corpse. How different this scene from those he had just left! He had spent a busy and active day. In his counting-house he had transacted a mass of business; he had stood on a change, nodded to Rothschild, cracked city jokes with a multitude of portly burghers, almost terrified certain poor debtors into suicide by throwing out dark hints of law proceedings and sheriff-officers, taken the chair at a committee meeting of a new joint-stock company; and now he stood in the presence of Death! How calculated is this solemn spectacle to lead the worldling to serious consideration, and induce him to reflect whether buying and selling and getting gain are really the chief objects of the existence of a rational and immortal being! Some such thoughts did full like a shower bath over the excited mind of the prosperous merchant. He had certain dim suspicions that he was himself somewhat of an apoplectic subject, and was therefore more prone to such impressions than those men of iron constitution, who have never learned to regard themselves as parties with whom disease or death can have any possible connexion. His meditations, however, were little more than momentary. Miss Maxwell immediately appeared, and invited her uncle into the still humbler apartment which was at present occupied by Mr. Anderson and the children. There was something in the extremely youthful but saddened appearance of Miss Maxwell which excited the sympathy of even this man of little sentiment. She was of the middle height and exquisitely proportioned. Her features were beautiful and regular, and the natural delicacy of her complexion was increased by the fatigue and anxiety which she had recently undergone. The expression of her countenance, naturally pensive, was now that of deep but chastened sorrow; and brought up as she had been, in the most retired and private style, she had but one manner for all persons and all occasions—that of natural simplicity and unaffected modesty. Mr. Russell, on his entrance, recognised and exchanged salutations with Mr. Anderson, and with an unusual degree of warmth and affection in his manner extended his hand to his niece.

"I am sorry, exceedingly sorry, to hear of your loss, my dear," said Mr. Russell, seating himself in an easy chair, and gathering up his features into what was intended for an expression of feeling and condolence; "but you must not allow yourself to be altogether cast down neither. Such things will occur. Your father, Miss Helen, was rather in embarrassed circumstances, was he not?"

"My poor father," replied the young lady, "was unfortunate in business, and his health failing, rendered him incapable of attending to his affairs, so that latterly he was much reduced. One of his chief earthly consolations, however, was, that he was enabled to preserve himself from debt."

"Well, well, my dear," responded Mr. Russell, "the world does not flow upon every one, and wealth, as the parson says, cannot purchase happiness. Am I not right, Mr. Anderson?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Anderson; "but wealth at least gives the means of exercising benevolence, and of being extensively useful; and this, to every well regulated mind, is a source of pure and exalted happiness."

"That is precisely my opinion," said Mr. Russell, "and I have been just thinking, in coming here, what is best to be done in the

present distressing juncture. You must come and live with us, Miss Maxwell. Your aunt and cousins, I dare say, will be well enough pleased to have you for a companion, so that point is settled. But as for these boys, I have no notion what to make of them. Had your father no relations at all, miss, who would take charge of the youngsters?"

"I have heard him speak of a brother," said Miss Maxwell, "who went abroad when a youth, and of whom he had heard nothing for many years. Otherwise I know of no relations. But we are not altogether destitute. I can work, and do not doubt that, by the blessing of Providence, I shall be able to provide the means of supporting myself and my brothers till they are old enough to learn to do something for themselves."

"You would make shirts for the slop shops at a few farthings a-day, I suppose?" said Mr. Russell. "No, no, my dear; female labour is worth nothing, and we must think of some other plan than that."

"If I may venture to express an opinion, Miss Maxwell," said Mr. Anderson, "I would recommend that in the mean time at least you should accept the invitation of your uncle. As for the boys, I have two children already, and the addition of two more for a few years, by the blessing of God, will not be burdensome. If you will trust them with me, be assured they shall enjoy every care that Mrs. Anderson and myself can bestow."

"You are a good, kind soul, I do believe," said Mr. Russell, rising and cordially shaking hands with the humble servant of God, and looking as if he felt himself most unexpectedly relieved from a painful burden. Nor did the wealthy merchant advance any objection to a plan which devolved the chief burden of an orphan family on a man whose slender income was scarcely equal to the wages of his cook, and on whose kindness they had no claim beyond that of common humanity. But Mr. Anderson was a Christian, and his heart was expanded by the influence of a love which cannot be felt without assimilating to its own nature. In the gratitude beaming from Miss Maxwell's countenance he already experienced a reward. Mr. Russell was a mere worldlying, whose life was regulated by the selfish principles of a world lying in wickedness.

After a few inquiries, privately addressed to Mr. Anderson, connected with arrangements for the funeral, the merchant, kindly shaking hands with his niece and caressing the children, hurried out of the room, and in a few minutes was rolling rapidly towards his own house, to enjoy a luxurious dinner, and the still greater luxury of reflecting that an abundant opportunity of doing good had not been altogether neglected. In a few days more the projected changes took place. The body of Maxwell was committed to the dust. Helen, with many tears, and with a faithful promise soon to pay them a visit, confided her little brothers to the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson; and Mr. Russell having intrusted the worthy pastor with the slender effects which still remained in the house, conveyed Miss Maxwell in his carriage to his own home. Much has been written regarding the pain experienced on leaving the place invested with the memorable associations of home, but of this, on this occasion, Helen Maxwell felt little. Young as she was, she had already undergone many mortifying alternations. To remove from one dwelling to another, and always to find the new one more cheerless and desolate than the preceding, had been her experience for years; and the recollections blended with the place which she was about to leave, only formed a record of self-denial, disappointments and privations. But she could not without emotion quit the spot where her beloved father had breathed his last; and the thought that, with a home no longer, she and her brothers, to part with whom was a bitter struggle, were cast upon the compassion of strangers, fell chillingly upon her heart. But in all these events she recognised an over-ruling Providence, and this consideration inspired her with confidence and peace.

In the way to Grosvenor Square, Miss Maxwell had no conversation with her uncle. Scarcely was he seated in the carriage when his capacious head was half buried in the folds of a newspaper, and he was instantly involved in the profundities of East India bonds and railway speculations. The carriage soon stopped, and Miss Maxwell speedily found herself in a splendid drawing-room in the presence of Mrs. and Miss Russell.

"This is Miss Helen Maxwell," said Mr. Russell, thrusting forward the retiring young lady. "You must be very kind to her and all that, since she has come to stay with us. Now don't be harshful, my dear, but endeavor to make yourself quite at home."

Miss Maxwell looked at the cold, haughty, and supercilious countenance of the elder lady, and felt herself chilled to the heart. To make herself at home in the vicinity of such a visage, she felt at once to be impossible. Glancing timidly at the daughter, she saw a lively, pretty, and good-humoured face, and was a little reassured, especially when the young lady called her "her dear cousin Helen," and embraced her in a very cordial and affectionate manner. This conduct, however, called forth a pointed rebuke.

Alexander Russell, the eldest son of the family, dandy and exquisite as he was, liked nothing better than to make an occasional dash into the nursery, and enjoy a little romping with the younger children. But it was remarked, that after Helen Maxwell was so often found in that region, his visits became much more frequent, and his attention to the children a great deal less. Her beauty, simplicity, and gentleness of demeanour, made a powerful impression upon his heart. As a relation, he claimed the privilege of conversing with her freely; and she, in her guileless innocence, neither courted nor avoided his attentions. With something of the frivolity and vanity natural to a youth in his position, with great vivacity of character, and abundant means of pursuing the phantom pleasure, he possessed a substratum of good sense and genuine warmth of feeling which did not appear to be inherited from either parent. Admiring the natural modesty and sweetness of Miss Maxwell, struck with her fine mental qualities, and touched by the friendliness of her condition, he first felt that pity which is akin to love; an emotion which speedily ripened into strong and ardent attachment. More than once he expressed, with a vehemence which both startled and alarmed Miss Maxwell, the indignation which he felt in witnessing the neglect and unkindness with which she was treated; and it was only in consequence of her urgent request that he was prevented from declaring to his mother his opinion upon this point. Mrs. Russell was slow in suspecting the existence of the attachment to which we have referred, but at random embraced every opportunity of reminding Miss Maxwell of her dependent station, and the immeasurable superiority of her own children in point of position and prospects. Miss Russell, on the other hand, was the confidant of her brother's secret, and herself strongly attached to her cousin, looked forward with satisfaction to a union which she conceived would be eminently conducive to the happiness of both parties. Miss Maxwell, with a prudence above her years, refused to give any countenance whatever to the addresses of her impassioned lover, feeling that the circumstance was calculated to render her situation even more painful than otherwise it would have been. She therefore resolved to embrace the earliest opportunity of finding another home, and had requested her faithful friend, Mr. Anderson, to make inquiries after any situation for which her acquirements, now considerably increased, might qualify her.

In the mean time, the assiduities of young Russell became daily more ardent. On every possible occasion he contrived to obtain interviews with Miss Maxwell, and with the most earnest entreaties urged her to allow him to address her in the capacity of an accepted lover. This she mildly but firmly declined. She reminded him of his youth, of her own humble condition, of the obstacles which she knew the wishes of his parents would present to their union, but she spoke in vain. With a lover's logic, he met, and, as he conceived, triumphantly refuted, all her objections; and, as a *dernier resort*, urged his sister to undertake his cause. Thus besieged, Miss Maxwell intimated to Miss Russell her determination to leave a residence in which she apprehended her stay would only be productive of mischievous consequences, to lodge with some respectable family, and support herself by her needle, till providence might open for her an eligible situation. Circumstances, however, brought the matter to a crisis sooner than she anticipated.—[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.**—An important archeological discovery has just been made at Pompeii, of a mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, and an oven with eighty-one loaves, arranged in rows, and but slightly affected by the heat of the lava, having been protected by a quantity of ashes which had covered the iron door fitted to the mouth of the oven. These have all been got out entire; a large iron shovel for introducing loaves into the oven has also been found on the spot, with a remnant of its wooden handle. This is the first discovery of the kind on record.—*Galigiani.*

## Cleanings.

**DEATH OF A CONTEMPORARY OF BURNS.**—Mr. Jno. Hamilton, well known in the Kilmarnock district, died last week at London, having attained his eighty-fourth year. He was the eldest son of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, writer in Mauchline, to whom Burns dedicated the Kilmarnock edition of his poems. The gentleman who at the advanced age mentioned has crossed "that unknown river, life's dreary bound," was, when the poet wrote his dedication, the "Wee Curly John." He is thus mentioned:

—May health and peace, with mutual rays,  
Shine on the evening of his days.  
With his wee curly John's ter-oo,  
When ebbing life no more shall flow,  
The last, sad, mournful ties bestow."

It is about eighty years since Burns penned these lines, but the wishes contained in them were not literally granted. John Hamilton, the "wee curly John" of the dedication, has died, leaving no living issue, both his sons (William and Gavin) having predeceased him. John Hamilton was for many years factor for Loudoun, the property of the Marquis of Hastings; but, having accepted the situation of factor for the Duke of Portland, resigned it. As factor for the Duke, his son William was afterwards associated with him. Those acquainted with the biography of Burns will recollect that it was in the writing-chambers of his patron, Gavin Hamilton, at Mauchline, that Burns was united to Jean Armour.—*Glasgow Herald.*

**OLD LINES ON A LAZY WIFE.**—In the muniment room of the Guildhall, Leicester, there is a sort of commonplace book, apparently about five hundred years old, which appears to have been used by a priest and schoolmaster, Roger Wewlock, in teaching his pupils. Here is one of his English verses:

Who's hat a wyf, and lozt for to sayne,  
Lige longe in hys bed, and let for to drinke,  
She were better in ze so far from ze brinke,  
In a botymles boat, to leam for to sink.

The English may be unintelligible to many of our readers, and we therefore give a version in our present mother-tongue, copied from a paper read by Mr. Thomas Wright at the recent meeting in Leicester of the British Archeological Association:

Whoso hath a wife, and one loth for to labour,  
Lies long in her bed, and loves for to drink,  
She were better in the sea, so far from the brink,  
In a bottomless boat, to learn for to sink.

If we would keep more close to the model of the original verse, the first line might be rendered:—"Whoso hath a wife, and of work loth to think."

**CLEVER TRICK OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.**—The Rev. J. G. Wood relates the following story:—"A Newfoundland dog belonging to a workman was attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and, after the manner of bull-dogs, 'pinned' him by the nose, and there hung in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and, spying a pailful of boiling tar, he hastened toward it, and deliberately lowered his foe into the hot and viscous material. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run."

CURRAN'S eloquence, combined as it was with wit and drollery, was irresistible, and his occasional daring style of oratory very singularly contrasted with his extremely undignified person, that, accompanied as it was with his mean apparel, often occasioned him to be taken for a man of the lowest grade. He would, however, glory in the contumely with which he was visited, and once, when taken for the 'boots' of an inn, he brushed a traveller's coat, as he was authoritatively bid by the owner, and then travelled inside the coach with him, enjoying the man's amazement when he saw him saluted with awe, at a town where the vehicle stopped, by a whole municipal body that was waiting his arrival at the sessions.

**LADIES USEFUL, EVEN IF DULL.**—An essayist thus moralizes on the subject:—"It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, saucey, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease, and the greatest that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

**A BLIND BOAT-BUILDER.**—In John O'Groat's Journal there is an account of a singular blind genius:—"There have been blind poets, blind professors of mathematics, blind road contractors, etc., but, so far as we know, a blind boat-builder is a novelty. The township of Barrock, in the parish of Dunnet, however, affords at present a striking instance of this in an individual of the name of William Louttit, who has been blind from his infancy. This man has, without any assistance whatever, built two or three small fishing-boats; and he has just completed one measuring twelve feet in keel, and of sufficient size for six men to fish in. Competent judges, who have seen this last specimen of his mechanical ingenuity, say the boat is, in every way, well finished, and would do credit to the most skilful and most experienced boat-carpenter in the country. One little episode in his history is so remarkable that it deserves to be particularly mentioned. He has a brother, who is the owner of a small coasting vessel, which he sails himself, and for some time the subject of our brief notice went with him as one of the crew, and in many respects was highly useful on board. Whether he ever ventured up the rigging, or took his turn at the helm, we have not heard; but it is not improbable he did both. He has now altogether abandoned Neptune's precarious element, and lives at home with his father, who is far advanced in years. There is hardly any ordinary piece of work which he cannot execute with almost the facility and readiness of one who has the full use of his sight. He is also a good performer on the fiddle. Like most blind people, Louttit is of a cheerful and contented disposition; and he has hitherto maintained himself, by his own industry, without the smallest aid from the poor funds, or any other charitable institution."

WHAT country is on the opposite side of the Globe? asked a teacher of a hopeful pupil. "Don't know Sir," was the reply. "But if you should dig a hole straight through the earth, and you should go in at the end where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, Sir."

**A SERIOUS THOUGHT.**—"Why are you so melancholy?" said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier, after the battle of Blenheim. "I am thinking, replied the man, how much blood I have shed for six-pence."

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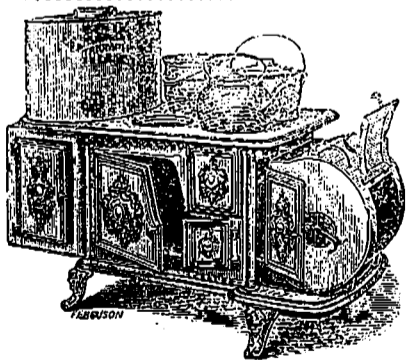
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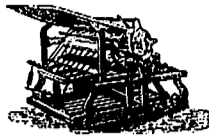
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PLANING MILL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Packing Boxes, &c. Turning and all kinds of Wood Work.

At H. G. Cooper & Co's Coach Factory,

BOND STREET, HAMILTON.

WM. BROWN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

MUSIC DEALERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

JAMES STREET,

OPPOSITE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

HAMILTON, C. W.

M'DONALD & CO.,

APOTHECARIES & DRUGGISTS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

PURE WINES,

For Medicinal purposes.

TRUSSES AND SHOULDER BRACES,

LEECHES, &c.,

And all articles sold by Druggists.

N. B.—Open on Sunday Mornings, from 10 to 11 o'clock A. M., for the Dispensing of medicines.

D. B. McDONALD & Co.,

WHITE'S BLOCK, King Street, HAMILTON.

MASON'S

HAT MART,

JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

A full stock of Fashionable Dress and Soft Felt Hats, including the celebrated

LEARY HAT, OXFORD HAT, &c.

Also Mens' and Boys' Hats and Caps.—quality and style unsurpassed. Prices lower than any other store in the city. Travelling Bags, Valises, &c.

Next door to Montreal Boot and Shoe Store

J. FIELDING,

MANUFACTURER OF

HATS, CAPS AND FURS.

CASH FOR RAW FURS.

Corner of King and Bond Streets, HAMILTON, C. W.

CASH—NOT BOGUS JEWELRY.

J. LOOKMAN

BEGS to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of Hamilton, and vicinity, that he is prepared to purchase any quantity of

LADIES' AND GENTS' WARDROBES,

For which he will pay the highest price in cash JAMES STREET, OPPOSITE GORE

Toronto Advertisements.

NEW OYSTER WAREHOUSE.

W. BILTON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

OYSTER DEALER,

Would intimate that he has opened one of the splendid new stores in the

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

Cor. Yonge and Queen Streets.

Which he intends keeping constantly supplied with the choicest brands of

Oysters and Salt Water Fish, Game, Fruit, &c.,

Having formed a connection with the most famed Oyster Houses in America, that of Messrs. Rows & Co. and also had the sole management of the agency of Messrs. GRANNISS & TAYLOR, of Baltimore, for the past three years in this city, he hopes by a careful attention to business to merit a share of patronage.

Country dealers supplied on more favorable terms than any other house in the trade. Cash advances made on consignments of Fruit, Game, &c., and commissions solicited.

TORONTO, September 20th, 1862.

GREAT BARGAINS.

S. M. SANDERSON'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

No. 107, King Street East,

2 doors East of Church-st. Toronto.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

NOISELESS SEWING MACHINES.

FOR FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING USE.

They produce the Celebrated GROVER & BAKER'S Double Lock Stitch, so much admired in ornamenting Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

The GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine received the first premiums over all other Sewing Machines in competition at all the States and County Fairs in the United States for the last two years.

The work done on the Grover and Baker's Machines received the highest premiums at every Fair and exhibition where Sewing Machine work has been entered for competition.

Parties wishing to purchase Sewing Machines would do well to call at the Grover and Baker Sewing Machine Establishment, Rossin House Block, Toronto.

T. L. STEELE & Co.

All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Sewing done at the Establishment, at the shortest notice.

FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

PURE TEAS IN ALL CANADA,

GO TO THE

VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE.

No. 93 King Street,

TORONTO,

Sign of the Queen.

Also a full assortment of GENERAL GROCERIES, BISCUITS and CONFECTIONERY, at the Lowest Price.

EDWARD LAWSON, Proprietor.

GALLERY OF ART.

HOOD & LAIRD,

LOOKING GLASS & PICTURE FRAME MAKERS

79 KING STREET WEST,

TORONTO, C. W.

FOREIGN FRUIT DEPOT,

123 King-street East, 123

Directly opp. the English Cathedral, Toronto, C. W.

JAMES H. JONES,

Importer and Dealer in

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Prunes,

Raisins, and all Green Fruits

IN THEIR SEASON.

Orders from the Country promptly filled.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.

HOSKINS & OLELAND,

Are now showing a full assortment of

FANCY AND STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

Suitable for the present and coming season, which will be found well worthy an inspection.

TERMS LIBERAL.

TORONTO, 5, Wellington Street East.

TORONTO STAINED GLASS WORKS.

W. BULLOCK, Stainer and Enam-

eller on Glass, 75 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

General Church Decorations in Illuminated Work.

Plain and Ornamental Church Lead Work, in every Style of Gothic Architecture. Designs with Estimates furnished. Plate, German, Smithwick, and Crown Glass cut to Order. Packed and Forwarded. Glass sent to order.

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A VERY LARGE & ATTRACTIVE

STOCK OF

NEW GOODS!

ARE NOW OPENING OUT

AT THE WAREHOUSE OF

J. MACDONALD & Co.

WESTERN BUYERS

WOULD DO WELL TO CALL & EXAMINE.

THEY WILL ALSO SHew ABOUT

1500 NEW MANTLES!

30 Wellington St., Toronto.

September 16th, 1862.

HURD & LEIGH,

(Late Jackson & Hurd.)

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN CHINA, EARTHENWARE, AND

BRITISH AND AMERICAN GLASSWARE, No. 72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, C.W.

JOSEPH HURD, EDWARD G. LEIGH.

JOHN FISKEN & CO.

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 58 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, C.W.

W. HEWITT, GENERAL

HARDWARE MERCHANT, North-East cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts. TORONTO, C.W.

TORONTO CITY

STEAM MILLS DISTILLERY

PURE AND SILENT SPIRITS, 50 O. P. ALCOHOL, 65 O. P. WHISKEYS; OLD RYE, very fine, 20 U. P. TODDY, do, 20 U. P. DOMESTIC, very fine, 32 U. P.

GOODERHAM & WORTS.

WALLACE & BURN,

PRODUCE DEALERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Wholesale Dealers in Wines, Liquors, Ale and Porter, Hamberg Cheese, Green and Dry Fruit, &c. 59 FRONT STREET, TORONTO, C.W. WILLIAM WALLACE, WILLIAM D. BURN.

FOR FIRST-CLASS

CLOTHING,

CALL AT

"THE GOLDEN ELEPHANT."

IT IS DECIDEDLY

The CHEAPEST and Best House

IN THE TRADE.

LAWSON & CO.

No. 95 King St., Toronto, C.W.

C. F. HALL'S

CARRIAGE WORKS,

163 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MESSRS. PETER FREELAND & CO.,

SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTURERS.

Corner of Yonge and Front Streets, TORONTO.

IN addition to their other kinds of Soap, Messrs. P. F. & Co., beg to call attention to a new article they are now manufacturing, called "Chemical ERASIVE SOAP," which they can recommend as superior to any yet produced.

CHARLES A. BACKAS, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS DEALER,

10 Toronto st., 2 doors south of Post Office, TORONTO, C.W.

POSTAGE STAMP DEPOT.

Toronto Advertisements.

STOVES. STOVES. STOVES.

J. R. ARMSTRONG & CO. 161 YONGE ST., TORONTO, C.W. Manufacture all kinds of COOK, BOX & PARLOR STOVES, Wholesale and Retail.—Terms and Prices Liberal.

ROBINSON HOUSE.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL, BAY STREET, TORONTO,

A few doors North of King Street.

JAMES MATHEWS,

[Late of International Hotel] PROPRIETOR.

PHENIX FOUNDRY,

91, YONGE STREET, TORONTO, C.W.

JOHN MCGEE,

MANUFACTURER and Wholesale Dealer in every description of Cooking, Parlor, and Hall Stoves, Agricultural Furnaces, Ground Hollow ware, and Cast Iron Tea Kettles.

COPPER BOTTOMS, SHEET COPPER, TEA KETTLE BREASTS AND COVERS.

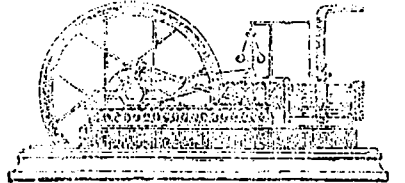
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD

WHOLESALE ONLY.

NORRIS BLACK,

MANUFACTURER of ARTIFICIAL LEGS and ARMS, &c. Manufactory No. 18, King Street East, Toronto. The leg contains all the latest improvements. The hand is an entirely new invention, that is more natural and more serviceable than any other. Price of Leg, \$70.00 to \$100.00. Hand from \$40.00 to \$100.00. Send for Illustrated Circular. Address, Post paid, Box 1001, Toronto.

Dundas Advertisements.



DUNDAS IRON FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP ESTABLISHED IN 1835.

JOHN GARTSHORE, MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS AND MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS; Gartshore's triple-suction Smut Machines, Portable Mills, Mill Stones, Water Wheels, Bran Dusters, Separators, &c.

Hamilton Advertisements.

JAMES P. WALKER & CO. GENERAL

HARDWARE MERCHANTS,

Sign of the Mammoth Axe and Mammoth, KING STREET, HAMILTON, C.W.

JAMES REID,

CABINET MAKER, AND UPHOLSTERER, KING ST. WEST, HAMILTON, C.W.

A large quantity of Furniture on hand and manufactured to order.

JOHN RUTHVEN,

COMMISSION MERCHANT, Keeps constantly on hand, Crockery, Glassware, Wood-ware, Perfumery, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c. King Street, between John and Hughson, HAMILTON, C.W.

W. H. REID,

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

MARKET SQUARE, HAMILTON, C.W.

Liberal advances made on all consignments. Prompt returns made per mail or otherwise.

McELCHERAN & BALLOU,

HOUSE AND SIGN

PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, PAPER-HANGERS, GRAINERS, GILDERS, &c.

Manufacturers of Druggists' and Brewers'

SHOW CARDS ON GLASS. DOOR PLATES. BLOCK LETTERS, &c.

22 King William St. near Hughson

HAMILTON, C.W.

Hamilton Advertisements.

CARGO OF THE "ALMA," DIRECT FROM SHANGHAE.

THE Subscribers beg to intimate to their correspondents, and the Trade generally, that the "ALMA" is shortly expected with a choice selection of

GREEN TEAS,

chiefly Young Hysons, carefully purchased expressly for this market, which will be sold by Auction, on their account, soon after her arrival.

At the same time will be offered at Auction, the

CARGO OF COFFEE, Ex "THEETIS," FROM RIO DE JANIERO.

now landed in prime order.

AND ALSO, A general assortment of

GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c. &c. &c.

I. BUCHANAN, HARRIS & CO.

Montreal Aug. 11, 1862.

JAMES BUNTIN & CO.

WHOLESALE STATIONERS

PAPER AND ENVELOPE MANUFACTURERS,

KING STREET,

HAMILTON, C.W.

Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

HILTON BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE

HARDWARE MERCHANTS,

KING STREET,

HAMILTON, C.W.

McKEAND, BROTHER & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

DRY GOODS, WHOLESALE,

KING STREET,

HAMILTON, C.W.

A. S. NEWBURY,

WHOLESALE JEWELER,

IMPORTER OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Plated Goods, Spectacles, Watch Glasses and Materials, &c.

JAMES STREET, OPP. THE GORE, HAMILTON.

R. NISBET & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

LADIES' AND GENTS' INDIA RUBBERS,

Of every description and quality. King Street, next door to D. McInnes & Co. HAMILTON, C.W.

JAMES KENT & CO.,

Wholesale Importers of

CUTLERY, STEEL FILES, JOINERS' TOOLS, GERMAN SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE AND CROCKERY.

JOBBERS OF SHEFFIELD GOODS, Manufacturers' AGENTS for the sale of the same by Samples, &c.

Agents for the sale of CANADIAN PROVISIONS in England.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE, KING STREET, 3 doors West of John St., HAMILTON, C.W.

Represented in England by JOHN A. CHADWICK & Co., Sheffield.

JOHN & JAMES TURNER,

IMPORTERS OF

GROCERIES, WINES & LIQUORS,

(In rear of the Gore Bank.)

HUGHSON STREET, HAMILTON, C.W.

Agents for Wm. Dow & Co., Montreal Brewery.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS,

RECTIFYING DISTILLER;

Importer and Dealer in

Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors,

KING STREET,

Between John and Catharine Streets, (South side,) HAMILTON, C.W.

ALL kinds of Whiskeys, Pure Spirit (of A very best quality) 95 O.P. Alcohol; Cologne Spirits, extra fine for perfumery, of my own manufacture, and therefore, warranted pure and good. Also, domestic Brandy, Gin and Rum, and superior Old Tom always on hand. Burning Phil, warranted to contain no Naphtha. Genuine Old Whiskey, of my own manufacture and of very fine quality, constantly on hand.

PRINCE OF WALES SADDLERY ESTABLISHMENT

No. 11 James St., Hamilton.

WILLIAM INKSON,

Manufacturer of Saddles, Harness, Trunks, Fire Hats, Engine Hose, &c. has on hand and will sell at greatly reduced rates, for Cash, a large quantity of harness, of every description, Saddles, Trunks, Horse Clothing, and every other thing in his line made to order. All work warranted. Repairs neatly done, at very low prices.

Hamilton Advertisements.

SUTHERLAND & DEANS,

MANUFACTURERS OF IRON BEDSTEADS, RAILING, GRATING, DOORS, SHUTTERS, &c.

King Street, opposite Bruce & Muirgrids' Broom Factory.

Horse-shoeing and General Blacksmithing.

VICTORY WITHOUT BRAGGING!

THE MONTREAL

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

No. 1 James St., Hamilton,

Still increasing the immense stock always on hand.

JUST RECEIVED A NEW STYLE

OF LADIES' AND GENTS'

WATER-PROOF BOOTS,

WHICH WILL BE

SOLD AS CHEAP AS OTHERS SELL COMMON WORK!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

Would do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

HOPKIN & ACLAND.

Remember the place.

MONTREAL BOOT & SHOE STORE,

No. 1 JAMES ST., HAMILTON.

AT GORDON'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

WILL be found all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes, suitable for Fall and Winter wear.

AT THE LOWEST PRICES! FOR CASH ONLY.

ALL KINDS OF BOOTS & SHOES MADE in the Latest Styles, to order, as usual.

King Street, Two doors West of James.

LEATHER! LEATHER! LEATHER!

ROSTER'S OLD STAND,

Three doors West of the Montreal Bank, KING STREET WEST, HAMILTON.

J. C. FIELDS,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in SPANISH AND SLAUGHTER SOLE,

FRENCH CALFSKINS, DOMESTIC CALF AND KIP, UPPER ENAM- ELLED LEATHER, LISTS,

LININGS, KIT, PEGS, AND FINDINGS.

French Kid and Goatskins, Hides.

ALSO, Machine Silk and Linen Twist; Machine Needles, &c. from the best manufacturers in Europe and America. A very large and well-selected stock constantly on hand, and cheap for cash or approved paper.

Agent for the Dundas Sheepskin Manufactory. LEATHER SOLD ON COMMISSION.

H. & R. YOUNG,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GAS FIXTURES, BRASS WORK,

GAS & STEAM FITTINGS, &c.

BELL-HANGING & GENERAL JOBBING.

A splendid assortment of

COAL OIL LAMPS AT REDUCED PRICES.

COAL OIL, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

King Street West, between McNab & Park, HAMILTON, C.W.

PROVINCIAL MARBLE WORKS.

HURD & ROBERTS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS in MARBLE, keep constantly on hand, and will furnish to order on short notice, all kinds of Monumental Marble Work, embracing Monuments, Tombstones, Headstones, Counter and Table Tops, &c.

York St., West of Bay, Hamilton, C.W.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.,

(Late of the New York Eye Infirmary.)

SPECIALTY—DISEASES OF THE EYE.

OFFICE—No. 10 King Street East, nearly opposite the Fountain.

HAMILTON, C.W.

D. A. BOGART

DENTIST,

HAMILTON, C.W.

Teeth extracted without pain or danger. Teeth filled and inserted in a satisfactory manner.